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DR. JOHNSON AS A PHILOSOPHER.

II.

IF Johnson had not the speculative gift, or his prepossessions debarred him from the exercise of it, he had in the largest measure the qualities which make the philosopher in the vaguer sense. Besides a wit and acuteness of mind which never failed, he had the large view, and some portion of that quality of grace and symmetry of mind which Plato regards as one of the chief intellectual virtues of the true philosopher, a natural predisposition to and affinity with truth, always in Johnson's case within the limits set by his passions and his prejudices. His fertility and force of argument were amazing; he fastened on the central point of his subject or exposed the fallacies of others with unerring acuteness, though he sometimes argued fallaciously himself. The teacher of logic is grateful to Boswell for an unlimited collection of illustrations of common forms of argument and fallacy. His readiness and concentration in an encounter of wits were the expression of his strong intellect. 'Depend upon it, Sir,' he said once in answer to someone who said that an address which was supposed to have been written by the famous Dr. Dodd in Newgate (and was really written by Johnson himself) showed more than Dodd's usual force of mind, 'depend upon it, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight it concentrates his mind wonderfully.' Johnson's mind needed no such stimulus, it was always concentrated, and his weapons of attack were always bright or loaded. His wit is a trained one, forcible rather than charming; alert rather than rippling. There is his well-known retort to a proser who had told at great length a story about a flea: how long would he have taken if it had been a lion? Compare that humorously annihilating reply with Goldsmith's equally famous retort to Johnson himself. Johnson had praised Goldsmith because in a fable about little fishes he had made them talk like little fishes,

and shook his sides with laughter over Goldsmith's simplicity. Goldsmith replied, 'If you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales.' That is the more delightful wit, though no one but Goldsmith or Garrick would have dared to use it against the great dictator.

Alas! Johnson often talked for victory. His passions would not allow him to be beaten. And sometimes when he was beaten he resorted to rudeness. 'When his pistol missed fire,' as was said, 'he knocked you down with the butt end of it.' In the report of his conversations allowance has always to be made in seeking to know Johnson's real opinions for this habit of taking the other side. He would, as many persons said, have been an excellent barrister. Yes, if only he could have been trusted not to bully the witnesses and the judge. And an excellent judge, if only he would not have bullied witnesses and counsel and his brother judges.

Perhaps he might have defended himself as he defended the practice of counsel, on the ground that it is of importance that we should know the best that can be said on both sides. Perhaps he might have said that conversation was a game of wits. At any rate he had a passion for veracity. He always talked, says Thomas Tyers, as if he was talking upon oath (M. ii. 365).¹ 'Truth,' says Reynolds (M. ii. 223), 'whether in great or little matters, he held sacred. . . . "It would have been a better story,"' said he, when Reynolds had suggested an addition to a story Johnson had told, "'if it had been so, but it was not.'" Our friend Dr. Goldsmith was not so scrupulous, but he said he only indulged himself in white lyes light as feathers, which he threw up in the air, and on whomever they fell nobody was hurt. "I wish," said Dr. Johnson, "you would take the trouble of moulting your feathers."

With his love of truth may be reckoned his downrightness. He was always either for the plenum or the vacuum. Of one of his friends whom he calls Poll, apparently one of those to whom he offered the hospitality of his queer household, he said at the Thrales' ('Diary,' i. 64)²: 'Why, I took to Poll very well at first, but she won't do upon a nearer examination. . . . Poll is a stupid slut; I had some hopes of her at first, but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle-

¹ References as before to the *Life* (L.) and the *Johnsonian Miscellanies* (M.) in the editions of Birkbeck Hill.

² *Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay*.

waggle and I could never persuade her to be categorical.' Johnson himself was nothing if not categorical.

He hated excessive flattery, and all kinds of exaggeration, especially of praise. They distorted the truth. He said to Mrs. Thrale ('Diary,' i. 77) that he was always sorry whenever he made bitter speeches, and he never did it but when he was insufferably vexed. Among the things which vexed him insufferably were the insincerities in which people indulged in society in their estimates of one another and the expression of their own feelings. Thus he deprecated the pretence of excessive distress for others, and upon a famous occasion rebuked Mrs. Thrale for it. 'Suppose now, Sir,' said Boswell, 'that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offence for which he might be hanged.' 'I should do,' said Johnson, 'what I could to bail him and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged I should not suffer.' Yet no man loved his friends more than Johnson did. He knew hypochondria himself, but was impatient with Boswell's lamentations about his own gloom, believing them to be cultivated. He carried his impatience with the untruthful self-consciousness of people so far that in despite of all fact he declared that climate and the weather had no effect upon happiness (L. ii. 195).

Johnson had the strong mind which, with his experience, operated upon human life to seize the essence of a situation. But he had also the largeness which is not coloured by egotism. He had suffered much, but he did not complain of the world (L. iv. 116, 172). 'It is rather wonderful,' he said, 'that so much has been done for me. All the complaints which are made of the world are unjust. I never knew a man of merit neglected: it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success.' On another occasion, when Boswell said that the great, who Johnson said had seen enough of him, must certainly be highly pleased with his conversation, he answered, 'No, Sir; great lords and great ladies don't love to have their mouths stopped.' He had the fair judgment which did not spare himself. For he considered himself for all that a polite man; and I think he was really right. Once he said that the wife of a certain author 'had a bottom of good sense,' and when his hearers tried to suppress their laughter said angrily, 'I say the *woman* was *fundamentally* sensible.' I believe Johnson was fundamentally polite. But the great lords and ladies might not see it. His attentions were often, it must be confessed, like the hug of the bear. Another

example of his fairness of mind was his feeling towards the booksellers. They paid him little; even for the 'Lives of the Poets' he had only £200 when he was at the height of his fame. But he did not complain, and said the booksellers were generous men.

Like other wise men he did not think meanly of material advantages. There are few ways, he said, in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money (L. ii. 323), and of authors he said that no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money (L. iii. 19). In this proper regard for the goods of life he was more in accordance with the sentiment of the great Greek philosophers than with his own orthodox Christianity. Aristotle thinks the absence of a sufficient quantity of these goods is an obstacle to happiness, and even that a man cannot be happy who is very ugly. Johnson is inclined to agree with him. He was indeed impatient of people who said they were happy, for he thought that, like himself, no one was happy, and he held such statements to be cant. But how Greek he was in his reasons may be judged from what he said of the sister-in-law of a dear friend of his who said of her in his presence that she was really happy. 'If your sister-in-law,' he said to his friend, 'is really the contented being she professes herself, her life gives the lie to every research of humanity; for she is happy without health, without beauty, without money, and without understanding.' This story he told Mrs. Thrale herself, and when she expressed something of the horror she felt, he said, 'I tell you the woman is ugly and sickly and foolish and poor; and would it not make a man hang himself to hear such a creature say it was happy?' (M. i. 335).

He shared with the Greeks a feeling of contempt for the profession of acting, though it must be admitted he was not alone among Englishmen, and that even Molière had been refused a Christian burial. Even his friend Garrick he spoke of as 'a player—a showman—who exhibits himself for a shilling' (L. ii. 234). But woe to anyone else who had said so of Garrick; and after all Garrick was buried in the Abbey.

Johnson was like a great Greek philosopher in another respect. 'I always wonder at you, Socrates,' said Phaedrus, 'for when you are in the country, you really are like a stranger who is being led about by a guide.' 'Very true, my good friend,' said Socrates, 'and I hope you will excuse me when you hear the reason, which is that I am a lover of knowledge, and the men who dwell in the city are my teachers, and not trees or the country.' Johnson had

the excuse which Socrates had not, that he was too short-sighted to see scenery; he thought 'prospects' were nonsense. 'Let us,' he said, 'if we *do* talk, talk about something; men and women are my subjects of inquiry' (M. i. 215). London supplied him with all the material of life. 'Why, Sir, you find no man at all intellectual who is willing to leave London. No, Sir, when a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford' (L. iii. 178). And again, 'A great city is the school for studying life' (L. iii. 253). 'He that lives well in the world,' says Imlac in 'Rasselas,' when they are discussing monastic retreats (ch. 47), 'is better than he that lives well in a monastery. But perhaps everyone is not able to stem the temptations of public life; and if he cannot conquer he may properly retreat.'

To Johnson at any rate retirement and solitude meant misery, and temperament settled his choice. And he showed his largeness of mind in the interest which, like Socrates, he took in every kind of person. He thought the man Johnson should be encouraged who rode three horses at a time, 'for his performances show the extent of the human powers in one instance and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man, and so every man may hope by giving as much attention to be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue' (L. i. 399). Partly his reason was genuine human geniality, which led him to pursue acquaintances of the most varied and at first sight not attractive kind. Johnson's own knowledge was of immense range. It was not merely that in talking to an educated person he might, as Smart the poet said he did (Tyers, M. ii. 365), begin with poetry and end with fluxions. It covered all kinds of occupations. He dabbled in chemistry and medicine, and at one time he entertained the idea of editing a *Bibliothèque*, and he trusted to himself for giving account of continental literature on all subjects; when it was suggested that he might use the assistance of the French scholar Dr. Maty, who had done something of the sort for England, he said, 'He, the little black dog; I'd throw him into the Thames.' However, literature was in the main the point of contact between him and his friends, and he could meet men and women in conversation easily. One of his queer acquaintances was Bet Flint. He said he had known all the wits from Mrs. Montagu down to Bet Flint. She was, he said, habitually a slut and a drunkard and occasionally a thief and a harlot. But she figured also in the literary world and brought him her verses to correct, but he gave her half a crown and she

liked it as well. There were others of these queer persons whom he described at the Thrales' who are recorded in the same passage of Fanny Burney's *Diary* (i. p. 42).

Moreover Johnson, like the wise man that he was, took the world as he found it and did not expect from it too much. When Mrs. Thrale complained of a lady who had talked of her family and affairs till she was sick to death of hearing her, Johnson defended the lady :

'Why do you blame the woman for the only sensible thing she could do—talking of her family and affairs? For how should a woman who is as empty as a drum talk upon any other subject? If you speak to her of the sun, she does not know it rises in the east; if you speak to her of the moon, she does not know it changes at the full; if you speak to her of the queen, she does not know she is the king's wife; how then can you blame her for talking of her family and affairs?' (*Diary*, i. 90.)

Johnson had genuine simplicity of character and mind without which no man oppressed like him with a gloomy temperament could have taken the fair and large view of things and himself which I have attempted to illustrate. But if it explains some of his merits it accounts also for his unwavering faith in what he thought good and never suffered to be questioned. Asked by Boswell if he would not, perhaps, have done more good in his conversations if he had been more gentle, he said 'No, Sir, I have done more good as I am. Obscenity and impiety have always been repressed in my presence' (L. iv. 295). Upon virtue and religion he was immovable. There was another prepossession which he held almost as firmly: his belief in the value of subordination of ranks in society. The topic is perpetually recurring in his conversations and in his writings. He allows no praise to Swift (*Works*, iv. 136) for the familiarity and frankness which he maintained in his dealings with the ministers. 'No man,' he says, 'can pay a more servile tribute to the great than by suffering his liberty in their presence to aggrandise him in his own esteem. Between different ranks of the community there is necessarily some distance,' and he thinks that as Swift preserved the kindness of the great when they wanted him no longer, his childish freedom was overpowered by his better qualities. No passage illustrates better Johnson's sturdy and self-respecting recognition of rank and the justice of distinctions of rank. 'Sir,' he said, 'I am a friend to subordination, as most conducive to the happiness of society.'

There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed' (L. i. 408). He showed his sense of this most delicately on the occasion of the famous interview with the King in the library. The King had asked if he was then writing anything, and Johnson replied that he thought he had done enough, whereupon the King said 'I should have thought so myself if you had not written so well.' (At least the honour of that gracious speech cannot be taken from George III.) When one of his friends asked him afterwards at Sir Joshua's whether he had made any reply, he said 'No, Sir. When the King had said so it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign' (L. ii. 35). I think most of us in the same situation would have been silent like Johnson out of a sense of what was proper. The difference is that he acted not merely from obedience to rules of good breeding but from simple faith in the natural fittingness of the relation in which he stood.

Failure to recognise the natural subordination roused his wrath. Whiggery was to him anathema. The first Whig was the Devil, and every Whig was at bottom a rascal. Burke he loved although the dog was a Whig. When radicalism combined with irregularity of life, as they did in the person of Wilkes, all his animosity was roused. Yet he had humour, and politics were not religion or virtue. He consented to meet Wilkes, or rather to attend a party where Wilkes was to be present, and everybody knows how the charm of Wilkes prevailed over the prejudices of the old Tory. Jowett called our attention to the art with which Boswell has told this famous episode of the dinner at Mr. Dilly the bookseller's, the prelude to it and the sequel, and how Boswell had turned it into an epic.

I have referred above to the comparison which Carlyle makes between Johnson and Hume, and it is very interesting to think of the different fates of the two great men, which Carlyle speaks of. The easygoing, prosperous Hume was loved by all who knew him, including the great French ladies at Paris who laughed at his corpulence and his incompetence in speaking French; and he was of European reputation in his lifetime, and since his death is one of the greatest figures in the history of philosophy. Johnson, poor and melancholy, afraid of his own company, shrinking from the thought of death, though loved was feared, and though he was a literary dictator his influence in his lifetime and since never extended beyond his own country.

What, we may ask, are the reasons which have made him, apart

from his real importance in our literature, so familiar a figure and so well loved? The consummate art of Boswell's biography accounts in part for this result. But all the other memoirs of him are also brimful of interest and delight, and Boswell after all was reporting the man himself, and Johnson himself knew well enough that he did more good by his conversations than by his writings. He appeals to us partly because he was a great independent character and partly that it took a form which we are accustomed to consider typically English, that of the sturdy conservative, with the prejudices of that type, and supremely gifted with intellect and good judgment and knowledge. He was the wisest person, said Tom Tyers, and had the most knowledge in ready cash that he had the honour to be acquainted with, and Tyers in his roving life had seen presumably many kinds of men. We may or may not sympathise with Johnson's opinions: many would love Goldsmith more, and more reverence Burke; but great character and great wisdom always command affection.

And in Johnson's case they were combined with an astounding wit and—what appeals to us perhaps still more—an abundant and overbrimming humour. In a very interesting letter which Birkbeck Hill quotes (M. ii. 98), Jowett thinks that Boswell has misrepresented him in one respect: by representing him more as a sage and philosopher in his conduct as well as his conversation than he really was, and less as a rollicking 'King of Society,' and he cites a remark of Sir John Hawkins: 'He was the most humorous man I ever knew.'¹ In conversation Jowett once said that he thought Boswell's being a Scotchman was responsible in some degree for this. But I imagine he made this remark in the spirit of Johnson's own quips at the Scotch, which, though Boswell did not see it, were half sheer fun. When someone said 'Poor Old England is lost,' Johnson said 'Sir, it is not so much to be regretted that Old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it' (L. iii. 78). Boswell does himself, as Dr. Hill says, mention Johnson's merriment and pleasantry. And no one can fail to feel the humour of Johnson's talk even in Boswell's narrative, if he reads between the lines. Sometimes Johnson laughs and shakes even in

¹ Apparently not quite correctly quoted. Hawkins says, 'In his talent of humour there hardly ever was his equal.' Jowett probably did not know Hawkins at first hand. One of the minor sorrows of my undergraduate days was this. He told me he had not seen Hawkins' *Life* and much wished to. Shortly afterwards I bought a copy in Great Portland Street for a shilling and promised myself the pleasure of giving it to him. But, going home, I left it behind me in the Underground.

Boswell's pages ; on one occasion he indulged in some pleasantry with Chambers the lawyer, and, unable to get over his merriment, on the way home with Boswell he laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot-pavement and sent forth peals so loud that in the silence of the night his voice seemed to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch (L. ii. 262). A gentleman was pleading for the future life of brutes, and said ' But really, Sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him.' Johnson (rolling with joy) said ' True, Sir, and when we see a very foolish fellow, we don't know what to think of *him*.' Still, it is true that Boswell approaches Johnson with such reverence that the fun of his hero is suppressed as not quite suitable to his dignity. Moreover, we must remember that Boswell's records are mostly of conversations in societies of men, and those often men of the first distinction, when Johnson was on his mettle, and felt he must maintain his position. Once when he was ill and someone mentioned Burke, he said " That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." So much was he accustomed to consider conversation as a contest' (L. ii. 450). The result is that you have much more the impression of wit than of humour from Boswell's own words ; he took his hero a little too seriously. Fanny Burney, on the other hand, says ' Dr. Johnson has more fun and comical humour and love of nonsense about him than almost anybody I ever saw ; I mean when with those he likes ; for otherwise he can be as severe and bitter as report relates him ' (' Diary,' i. 136). To know Johnson as it were in undress we must hear him at home at Streatham among the Thrales and go to the pages of Fanny Burney's ' Diary.' I have not space to quote an inimitable instance of his prejudices and his fun in a passage between him and Sir Philip Jennings Clarke in Chapter V. of the ' Diary.'

But when all is said of his wit and his humour and good-humour (he said he looked upon himself as a good-humoured fellow), it is not these alone or so much which endear him to us as his wise humanity and the tenderness of his nature, and the materials of life which they supplied his strong mind to operate upon. He cared for all sorts of men, and while he was never sentimental, he never shut his heart to genuine distress or failed to appreciate genuine goodness. Everyone knows how he carried a sick unfortunate woman of the streets on his back to his house and kept her till she was restored. He spoke of Levett the doctor, one of his housemates, as a brutal fellow. Yet he made him the constant

companion of his mornings, and when he died wrote upon him and his good works a beautiful and affecting poem. Of poor Christopher Smart, the mad poet, he said 'I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as anyone else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it' (L. i. 397). Which is strongest here, humour or wisdom or tenderness?

Johnson was in the first place a man of letters; and now that the superficial misjudgment of his style, which at its best is pure and nervous, though at its worst too much inclined to a 'Roman' vocabulary and too fond of the then fashionable habit of personifying abstract qualities, has disappeared, his writings, or at least some of them, besides the classical Lives, are recovering their value. At any rate all their merit flows from the full and strong mind operating upon life, which made him a wise and just man. Other men of letters stand equal or superior to him in our literature; few have been so tried by experience of men and life and emerged so noble from the assaying.

S. ALEXANDER.

THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE

BY RAPHAEL ROCHE

CORNELIUS VASTIMAGO relates how the commandant of a beleaguered city, who had given up all hope of succour, was roused to defend himself and expel the enemy by the simple expedient of dropping leaflets from the air (they seem to have had aeroplanes in those days) taunting him with cowardice. The taunt was successful. He began at once to organise his forces, limited as they were, and by a supreme effort he soon utterly defeated the enemy, who up till then had overwhelmed him.

Now, what Vastimago relates here is happening every day in the midst of us, in the body of each one of us afflicted by a disease of long standing. The commandant of the city is what Alfred Russel Wallace called the 'ever-guiding force' within us, and it merely requires rousing by the correct appeal to defeat the attack of a disease which for years has been overwhelming the body. A medicine is able to rouse the vital force's action when a chronic disease cannot do so, because the attack of the medicine is the more rapid. A wooden ball pressed very *slowly* against an india-rubber wall will remain lying there indefinitely, with the wall slightly indented at the point of contact. Now, if you want the ball to come away from the wall, give it a *rapid* push, however light, with a finger, in the contrary direction—that is, towards the wall—and it will at once come away. The wall is the vital force, the wooden ball the disease indenting it, and the *rapid* push is the drug rousing the vitality to reject the disease. There being 'nothing new under the sun,' it will not be surprising if the Chinese should claim to have known of this principle of rapidity some 5000 years ago. They may even claim ancient knowledge of the principle of similars: this principle of similars follows naturally on the existence of a vital force doing the contrary of every attack made upon it; and if the attack of the drug has been really similar, the answer of the vital force must necessarily be the road to cure. Orthodox medicine is based on mere palliation—that is, a drug is given in order to do what the vital force should be doing, instead of making that force do it itself. Such a course can never lead to cure, or the eradication of a tendency; indeed, it makes the tendency worse, as is daily proved by the palliative having to be given in larger and larger doses to obtain the same result.

The hope recently expressed that in cases of diabetes, where there is a deficiency of insulin, the administration of insulin from outside sources would cause the pancreas to produce more of this substance, is bound to end in disappointment: it will result in its producing still less. The ingestion of pepsin or hydrochloric acid, where there is a deficiency of them for digestion, causes the stomach to fold its arms and say 'Very well, no need for me to exert myself'; and it thereupon produces still less of these substances.

If the vital force did not inevitably do the contrary of the palliative drug, palliation might be justified, although it could never cure. It is this defect in the medical studies that leads so many doctors nowadays to give up drugs in despair. They say: 'I don't use drugs much; I find they do more harm than good. I go in more for Nature cure.' To hear such a phrase one would think that drugs were extranatural, whereas they are the Nature-cure par excellence when scientifically handled. Opposition to this statement must face the alternative dilemma that the numberless drugs in Nature, no two of which have exactly the same actions on the vital force of the body, have all these actions to no purpose whatever. Who will not shrink from so absurd a position? Yet it is to what the present medical studies directly lead. And, from Sir George Newman's recent pamphlet,¹ there seems no hope of any advance from that position at present. The vital force as a director of cure is ignored, and the consequent principle of similars equally so. All serious chronic states and tendencies must therefore remain as incurable as ever to orthodox medicine, a matter of grave concern to the million chronic incurables in Great Britain. Humorously enough, Sir George Newman, who is a member of the Medical Council, heads his pamphlet: 'Advance' in medical studies. Mere walking is insufficient to reach a desired goal if you are walking in the wrong direction. The pamphlet speaks of advance in chemistry, physics, etc.; in fact in everything except medical curing—really the only thing that matters. For, what does it profit a doctor if, after studying all the other sciences, he has not sufficient knowledge of medical science to cure a single case of phlebitis, thrombosis, endarteritis, cancer, peritonitis, pyorrhoea, tuberculosis, rheumatoid arthritis, or indeed any chronic tendency? Chronic cases alone are the true test of medical knowledge, for acute or passing diseases, such

¹ *Recent Advances in Medical Education in England* by Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, Crown Nominee on the General Medical Council. Issued by the Ministry of Health, 1923.

as whooping-cough, influenza, scarlet fever, etc., go away of themselves, whereas chronic states do not. Sir George Newman speaks of the 'prodigious advance' in chemistry, of our 'debt to chemistry.' There is no 'debt,' for there has been no advance towards cure. The familiar example of the chemical treatment of an excess of acid in the body by alkalies will serve. It can be palliative only and cannot cure. In addition, the philosophy of medicine is here wholly at fault in calling the acid the cause of disease. It is clearly the result of disease. The body must have been functioning wrongly the day before the acid *began* to be deposited, and this wrong functioning can be cured only by the vital force roused in a specific direction, and not by chemistry.

Singularly enough, Sir George Newman quotes Huxley against himself on p. 10, for Huxley says: 'The phenomena of life are dependent neither on physical nor chemical, but on *vital forces*.' Where is the 'tremendous advance' towards teaching *that* in the schools? And where is the 'advance' towards teaching that the vital force absolutely suspends the destructive action of chemical laws in the living body, without which suspension we should disintegrate, as we inevitably do directly the vital spark has left the body? No, Sir George, there has been no 'advance' whatever in the only thing that matters, the introduction, not of other sciences, but of the science of medicine itself into the present curriculum, so that hope might revive in the breast of the despairing. The pamphlet recalls to mind the remark of the editor of *Truth* in reference to a Medical Congress which was belittling all past achievements, and boasting of its own 'advance.' 'Wait till the next Medical Congress tells you the value of this one.'

The current view of rheumatism is that it is due to the presence of acids, but a healthy body does not accumulate acids. There must be illness, which is the true cause of this accumulation, such prior illness not being curable by antacids or by alteration in diet: a blocked chimney is not cured by a change of fuel. The current view of the action of quinine in malaria is that it kills the germs of the disease, and so cures. If it really destroyed the cause, how is it that the disease returns later on, as so many of our soldiers have found who are left in a serious chronic state after a supposed 'cure' by quinine months and years before?

A draught of air is called the cause of much ill-health, whereas it is only the occasion of the true cause—predisposition—manifesting its effects; in one man, stiffness of shoulder; in another, running of nose; in a third, mental depression, etc. A germ is

so little the true cause of disease that, where predisposition to be affected by that germ is absent, its ingestion simply produces a 'healthy carrier.'

Thus the aim of medicine should be the eradication of the predisposition to suffer from a set of symptoms, mental and bodily, and no classifications of diseases under names cover these very varied groups of symptoms.

The authoritative statement recently published by the Health Ministry, that 'no known drug or preparation will cure cancer,' proves that orthodox medicine is still looking for a drug to cure a classification of disease: the search for the non-existent is apt to be a lengthy process. As to the cause of cancer, Sir Frederick Treves has advised that inquiry should be made into the use of tinned foods, cancer having increased concurrently with the increase in their consumption—an admirable suggestion. Might one not also consider the chronic irritation produced by surgical operations for non-malignant states, which operations have also increased concurrently with the advance of cancer?

Why are trees attacked by cancer? They do not live on meat, nor do they consume tinned foods; but they frequently suffer the operation of lopping. Is a rose-bush, feeding on a dead cat buried at its roots, more liable to disease than one not supplied with animal food? All these and many others are interesting fields of inquiry, but, for the sufferer from cancer, they pale into insignificance compared to a scientific system of curative drug administration, whereby a British officer was cured eight years ago of cancer recurring after operation, without any change of diet or habits of life: he remains well to-day.

Were it possible to kill a germ in the body it would not necessarily be the correct course to follow, for the vital force, which knows every avenue of cure and selects the best one for a particular case, often leaves the germs untouched, though curing the patient.

The study of the chemical results of disease is quite distinct from the study of chemicals for administration as drugs. The vital force produces the necessary chemicals in the body; when they are insufficient for health, the giving of these same chemicals causes the body to produce less of them, not more; in fact, it makes the case worse. So chemistry as a means of cure must be given up, and we cannot consider an advance in chemistry as in any way an advance towards cure, but the reverse. Where 'advance' is really needed is in knowledge of the specific, non-chemical

actions of drugs on the vital force of the body, actions utterly unknown to one who has gone through nothing but the present orthodox medical studies. These important actions result in innumerable subjective sensations, always inexplicable. Huxley says (*Physiology*, p. 343): 'We class sensations under the head of states of consciousness. But what consciousness is we know not; and how it is that anything so remarkable as a state of consciousness comes about as the result of irritating nervous tissue, is just as unaccountable as any other ultimate fact of nature.' Drugs produce these 'sensations' under certain circumstances of time, place, position, etc., equally inexplicable: they are 'ultimate facts of nature.' Besides physical symptoms, drugs produce mental symptoms, and in as varied circumstances as the physical. Thus arsenic produces symptoms which are worse in cold air, and better by warmth; it causes a feeling of subjective burning—subjective only, for an objective examination of the suffering part gives no evidence of burning. Arsenic produces also agonised restlessness, anxiety, anguish, etc. Now it will be said: Of what use is the acquisition of this knowledge for the cure of disease? Is it desirable to produce such morbid sensations in a body already weakened by disease? It is not; and yet, without knowledge of this kind, no chronic serious disease can be medically cured; with it, all can be cured. The key to the position is in the use of the principle of similars, which was known to Hippocrates, and which would long since have come into general use had it not been mixed up with much which is false in the system styled Homœopathy, and therefore condemned on grounds other than its merits. Hahnemann, the founder of Homœopathy, states in his 'Organon' that drugs act curatively by producing in the body of a sick person a disease similar to, and *stronger* than, the disease present. The vital force is then supposed to get rid of the stronger disease. How can it do so if it was unable to cure the weaker disease originally present? Hahnemann states also as a fact that the vigorous shaking of a liquid medicine, striking the bottle, if necessary, against some elastic substance, develops its power to an unheard-of extent. Is it to be wondered at that, weighted with such matter, the scientifically grounded principle of similars should have gone under?

The aforesaid subjective sensations are produced also by the various diseases, and are always equally inexplicable—'ultimate facts of nature.' We cannot know how, but the drugs which produce symptoms similar to what we see in disease *must* be able

to reach the part affected and must hold the key to their production, and they should therefore be used to attain objects which we cannot reach by our understanding. This does not mean that a drug should be given in a dose sufficient to produce its specific symptoms. The mere *attempt*, however slight and unnoticeable, to produce them is sufficient. One drop of castor oil does not, of itself, purge; but that it attempts to do so is clear, for a sufficient number of the drops together succeed, which would be absurd if the individual drops were not making the attempt. The amount of resistance of the vital force is the factor determining the size of the dose necessary to overcome it. When, however, it is not desired to subdue the vital force, but only to enlist its aid in the contrary direction, the smaller the dose given the more quickly and certainly will the curative action be obtained.

Just as a dentist uses a fine instrument to enter where his clumsy fingers are unable to go, so should a scientific physician employ drugs to unravel a problem which is insoluble otherwise.

There are three kinds of symptoms: (1) Subjective sensations, (2) functional symptoms, and (3) alterations of tissue. In surgery the alterations of tissue are the most important, whereas, for the purpose of *medical* cure, the subjective sensations come first, with the functional symptoms a bad second, and the tissue alterations nowhere. In seeking an appropriate drug for a given case, we must remember that the vital force alone can cure. It is therefore not enough to study the symptoms of the disease, but one must take into account all the qualities and characteristics *in health* of the particular vital force to be awakened. For instance, is the patient of a hurrying or of a quiet, placid disposition? Does he crave company, or does he prefer to be left absolutely alone? Is an attempt at consolation grateful to him, or does it make his symptoms worse, or does it cause merely irritability? Is he affected by any weather, or by a change of weather, or by change of temperature, etc.? There are drugs which, by non-chemical action, are able to produce all these characters, and a multitude of variations in them, and they alone hold the key of how and where they are produced. Why not employ them to do what we cannot understand, especially if we are medically bankrupt on any other lines? Surely cure is the object aimed at: then why not adopt the only means capable of attaining it? A case may be very 'interesting' to the doctor because he recognises in it certain deviations from the normal type of the disease, but the only thing of 'interest' to the patient is cure. By way of

example, here is the case of a lady of sixty-six, suffering for the past nine years from deafness due to rheumatism. Specialists declared the case to be incurable, owing to the age of the patient and the chronicity of the disease. Now, if one has no knowledge of curative medical treatment of deafness from rheumatism *at any age*, why invoke the age of the patient as a cloak for one's impotence? And why give the long duration of a disease as an excuse for not curing it, when one could not cure it in the very first week of its existence? If such cases are thought by doctors and specialists to be impossible of cure, it is solely due to the absence of the science of medicine from their studies. Bacon says: 'The greatest hindrance to the advance of science lies in this, that men think things impossible.' A doctor, equipped with the knowledge contained in his present studies only, is justified in calling a case incurable to himself, but not incurable absolutely. No; these cases are not incurable, as the sequel will show. How was the curative medicine arrived at in this case of chronic deafness? The first step taken was to ignore the diagnosis of the specialists; for diagnosis, far from leading towards a medical cure, leads away from it. Diagnosis means the finding of points of similarity between a case and many others, which is useless for the purpose of curative drug selection. What we require to find is the *difference* between the case before us and all others. The symptoms present on March 8, 1923, were a feeling of hardness in the throat and a sensation of stoppage in the ears; her voice seemed to her to come through cotton-wool; the deafness was worse in cold wind and worse from catching cold, also worse in a warm room or from being overheated. There was confusion of sounds, and she could not tell the direction from which they came. There were pain and swelling of knuckles, and burning of eyes, brow, and feet. Treatment was begun on March 8 with powdered flint, which is capable of producing most of these symptoms. The object being to cause the vital force to do the *contrary* of the drug's action, the smaller the quantity administered, the more quickly would this result be obtained. The drug was therefore given in a non-tangible quantity, beyond the reach of chemical or spectral analysis. The result on April 5 was: Hearing much better, can hear the violin again; has got back her singing voice. On May 3 she could once more hear normally all the instruments of an orchestra, which previously had been only a confusion of sounds. She considered herself cured. The question whether alterations of tissue, tumours, etc., can be cured by drugs selected on the basis of all the subjective

sensations present can be answered only by experiment ; and no one who has not made the necessary experiments has any right to an opinion on the matter. Another example : A man of thirty-six, suffering from tuberculosis for the past twenty-four years. Has three abscesses in outer left thigh, and one in right groin, all discharging tuberculous pus ; nerves 'all to pieces.' For years he has not been able to drive his motor car. Entirely ignoring the diagnosis of 'tubercle,' which merely established a crude similarity between this case and a host of others, and led to a guarantee of incurability, the treatment was based solely on the subjective sensations present, and the conditions of their occurrence, plus the characteristic signs exhibited by his vital force in health and disease. In one month the result was that the lowest abscess had quite healed, the two above it were discharging 50 per cent. less, and the one in the right groin—a deep depression—was filling with healthy tissue. His nervous system was greatly improved : he had been able on the previous day to drive his car 200 miles. There was here no attempt to kill bacilli, or to aim at 'unwaxing' them—the latest phantasy in the persistent course of avoiding the study of curative medicine—but the direction of cure was left to the vital force, the course appropriate to any individual case being necessarily unknowable. The vital force alone has the secret of the various possibilities of cure, and has the wonderful power of selecting that which is best for the case in question. This patient continues under treatment.

Central impressions of pain may be shooting, boring, pressing, cutting, burning, tearing, etc., and there must be differences to account for these varied sensations ; yet no objective examination can detect these differences. There must also be central differences to account for sensitiveness to weather, desire for or aversion to company, likes and dislikes in regard to food, etc. ; but we cannot detect them : we are in the region of the non-tangible, and we are driven to make use of agents—drugs—which are able to penetrate into this region and to produce effects there as mysterious to us as are those of disease. It may be taken as axiomatic that the less a symptom or sensation can be explained, the more important is it as a guide to drug selection, if cure is the object aimed at. Explanations will be of use only if mere palliation is sought for.

Among the most mirth-provoking, who profess to base their treatment on science, are the Christian Scientists, so called, no doubt, on the 'lucus a non lucendo' principle. One of their

leading exponents declares that drugs have no action, except what the prescriber or patient *believes* them to possess. This is in effect a denial of the properties of matter, otherwise 'ultimate facts of Nature.' We may at once say good-bye to all scientific experiment. You discover an unknown metal. Why test it? You have but to 'imagine' that it is heavier than gold, more malleable than copper, of greater tensile strength than lead. The 'belief' in all this will make it come true. Has ever greater nonsense been enunciated under the name of science? And what about the nourishing properties of foods? What an economy is in sight if children could be persuaded that wood shavings are nourishing! On the case being put to this person that arsenic had been used in mistake for flour in making a pie, and had thereby poisoned many people, although neither the administering cook nor the partakers of the dish had 'believed' in the impending fatality, the ready reply was that arsenic 'contained the crystallised opinions of generations gone before.' Would it not be more appropriate to style as 'artists,' rather than 'scientists,' people who are driven to such lengths of imagination in first asserting that drugs have no action, and, when this is proved to them to be false, in venturing the still more absurd explanation of *why* drugs act that have no action? It was doubtless owing to the 'crystallised opinion of generations gone before' that the experiment of swallowing a proffered dose of strychnine was declined. Unfortunately, as long as true science is absent from orthodox medical studies, the Christian Scientist can point to his results as at least equal to those of doctors, whose statistics showed over 151,000 deaths from the last influenza epidemic in Great Britain alone. There is here no ground for complaint of the competition of the patent medicine vendor, who sells his wares on the basis of a drug for a disease, when orthodox doctors themselves still follow the same principle. Let us hope that there will soon be such a change in doctors' studies as will make this impossible—a change to a scientific actuality no longer requiring a Sir George Vastimago to find an 'advance' where, till now, there has been none.

When doctors will, from medical palliators, have become medical curers; when, from empirics, they will have become true etiologists, then the army of their quack competitors, Christian Scientists, patent medicine vendors, *et hoc genus omne*, will, without the necessity of a restricting Act of Parliament, melt away in the glorious glow of the sun of science.

AN AUTHENTIC VAN OST.

'DEAREST, I'll tell you a secret. Now that we've been married a whole year and I know that it would be impossible for you to tell me anything but the truth, I feel that I can tell you. The reason why I had you paint that picture for Poppa wasn't really altogether to induce him to give his consent. It's possible we might have got along without that. It was also—can you forgive me?—that I wasn't sure myself—not quite sure of you—that you were telling the truth.'

Thus, my American wife, to whom, as she said, I had been married just a year. I admit that it came as a shock, from one whom I had learnt perfectly to love. 'She had not been sure that I was telling her the truth.' 'Could I forgive her?'

It was a hard thing to forgive. Yet could I help forgiving? And it was like her honesty to make the confession, which nothing called for. Yet how could I but forgive? And was it not natural, she knowing me as little as she did then, that she should doubt?

It was more than natural; it was inevitable.

When I had forgiven, and she had gone, leaving me in my chair before the fire, staring with my bodily eyes into the coals and with my mental eyes into the past, I went over again that story which had caused her this natural and inevitable doubt of me. It was a strange tale truly.

It went back to my first days in Paris, when I was a poor painter, trying to learn my art, desperately poor—starvingly poor.

And yet the better way to tell it is surely to begin with what happened in Mr. Dean's famous gallery of pictures in New York, after I had left Paris, and ceased to starve, had grown sleek and prosperous, and had my studio on Broadway.

Silas K. Dean, banker by profession and by inheritance, was famed all Europe over as collector and connoisseur of pictures. Long before I came to know Mr. Dean at all well my acquaintance with Adèle Dean, his daughter, had made good progress. I had been a fellow guest with her at a country house on Long Island. Later I had met her at Newport. I could not attempt to describe Adèle either with pen or brush. The best I can do is to write that to me she was the dearest thing on earth and leave her so,

to your sympathy. We were engaged. Silas K., her father, who was on business in Europe, had conveyed, by cable, his provisional approval of the arrangement.

'Seems decent to let him know about it,' Adèle had said; and I had agreed that he might think he had a right to be informed.

Mr. Dean was a widower, Adèle his only child, and the Deans' house on Fifth Avenue had been shut while Mr. Dean was away. Adèle had been staying with relatives and friends. When he came back it was re-opened and within a few days of his return he invited me to luncheon. He was very friendly; appeared to have learnt all the little that was to be said to my credit, and not to have discovered too much that might be said against it. Adèle was there and one of her girl friends. I was in a dream of up-lifting happiness. After luncheon Mr. Dean took me off with him to see the famous gallery.

It was a wonderful collection. All the great schools of painting were represented, and by worthy examples; but the collection was strongest in the Dutch. It was the style to which my own preference was given and I was able to praise quite sincerely, yet adequately to gratify the collector's vanity—which is much to say.

Thus we went sauntering through the long gallery, mutually well pleased, and were come nearly to its far end.

'And now,' he said, 'I've got something for you as a finish, to send you away with a good taste in your mouth.' At this point there opened out from the main corridor a small bay or alcove, and on either wall, where the light flowed equably on both sides from the northward window, hung a picture. 'There—you know that signature—the egg in cup.'

I did. There was the signature plain to see, the 'O' in the jaws of the 'V,' the signature of the old Dutchman Van Ost, so well known as the 'egg in cup.' I looked at the pictures long. I said nothing. Mr. Dean looked at me. He too said nothing—for a while. I became aware that he was wondering at my silence, but I had no words with which to break it. At length he cried impatiently:

'Well?'

Still I could not find my words. At last, driven to say something, and conscious that his wonder at my continued silence grew, I rushed blundering upon my fate.

'Mr. Dean,' I said, 'I'm sorry to have to tell you, but you've been imposed on.'

By nature his complexion had the American, un-British, pallor. Now, in a moment, the blood came to his face, and he went fiery red. He went very angrily red. A very little more of wrath and he would, I am sure, have struck me. But he dominated himself. His face became pale again—paler than ever. His voice was not hurried or angry but quite chillingly quiet as he said, with certitude:

‘You are absolutely mistaken.’

‘I beg your pardon,’ I was obliged to reply. ‘This is not a matter of opinion, where one might be mistaken. I happen to know——’

He did not let me complete the sentence. Again his face flushed a little, but not fiercely as it had glowed before.

‘And I also happen to know,’ he said icily. ‘With me, too, it is not a matter of opinion, on which it is possible to be mistaken. Curiously enough I have proofs. Will you come down to my study?’

He led the way through the long gallery and down the fine stairs, I following automatically, rather as if in a dream. I can remember noting the increased erectness given by his anger to his slight, high-shouldered figure as he preceded me. He opened the door at the gallery’s end and allowed me ceremoniously to pass through before him. I recognised in his every gesture the attitude of courteous hostility taking the place of homespun friendliness. The thought came to me of a duellist leading his adversary to the firing ground.

He bade me sit down beside his study bureau, of which he unlocked a drawer with a key on his chain. From the drawer he brought a long envelope, unfastened it, and took from it several letters, of which he selected one.

‘I will ask you to be good enough to read that first,’ he said. ‘As you see, it is a copy of an anonymous letter, from Amsterdam, received by the Customs Office at New York. The original, I may say, was written in a stiff hand, obviously disguised.’

‘This is from an American now in Europe,’ the letter went, ‘and is to give information that has come to the writer’s knowledge of a fraud about to be attempted on the New York Customs House. There will shortly come to the Customs House, from Europe, but by what ship or line I cannot say, a pair of pictures that purport to be imitations of the great Dutch painter Van Ost—or pictures done in his manner. They are not imitations at all, but are by

the master's own hand ; and they have his signature, only it is covered by a film of paint lately put over it, the idea being of course, that they shall come in with duty paid only on their reputed value as modern imitations. If the film in the corner of the picture be taken off by an expert the signature of the artist will be found clearly legible below. My only purpose in writing is to prevent a fraud being perpetrated at the expense of the American Customs revenue and for the benefit of an unscrupulous picture dealer.'

That was all. There was no name to the letter. I read it, and after reading I sat silent, looking at it. I was so absorbed in my thought, which had taken me far away, that I was startled, for a moment, when Mr. Dean's voice recalled me to the present scene : ' You have read it ? '

' Yes,' I said numbly.

' These other letters '—he shuffled them through his hands, glancing at them—' I do not know that I need trouble you with. The gist of them is in the anonymous letter you have read. They are only letters, or copies of letters, from the Customs Office, endorsing the truth of what the anonymous writer says. Those pictures did come over, according to his warning. They were unsigned ; but they were manifest Van Osts, or in his manner. They were submitted to an expert for treatment. He succeeded in detaching the super-laid film in the corner, and when that film was removed the signature of the great painter was found there, uninjured, just as you have seen it yourself. Two of those letters refer to the amount paid in duty by the receiving dealer over here—duty, you will understand, computed according to the value put upon the pictures as originals—together with an additional fine which he agreed to pay rather than have the case go to a Court of Law.

' Now then, Sir,' he concluded, throwing the papers down upon his bureau, ' what have you to say now as to your opinion that the pictures are not originals ? '

' Mr. Dean,' I replied, ' I believe every single word that you have said to me to be true. I believe nearly every word in those letters to be true. Almost the only statement that I do not believe is the statement in the first anonymous letter that the pictures are originals by Van Ost. That statement I know not to be true, because those pictures, every brush stroke of them, were painted by myself.'

Mr. Dean said nothing. I never realised before how much

more deeply it is possible to plant an insult by a look than by many words. He said no word, but his look told me quite definitely that he rated me liar, and conveyed far more clearly than words a contempt both for the liar and of the lie.

‘Allow me to explain——’

But he cut that very short. ‘Thank you. I do not care to have an explanation. If you will excuse me’—he took out his watch—‘I have been overlooking an engagement.’ He already had pressed an electric button on the bureau and—when the servant answered the ring—‘Show this gentleman out,’ he said.

With the door standing open, the servant listening, he bowing to me—bowing, ceremoniously, with no friendly offer of hand—what choice had I?

I had to go.

‘George.’ This came through the telephone next morning.

‘Hullo!’

‘That you?’

‘Yes—oh, Adèle!’

‘Yes, Adèle. What *have* you been saying to Poppa?’

‘Well—I want to tell you all about it. Can’t tell you on the ‘phone.’

‘Well, come along, then—come round.’

‘But—shall I be allowed in?’

‘Allowed!’

‘I mean—hasn’t your father—d’you think he hasn’t told the servants——?’

The peal of a laugh came over the wire. ‘D’you mean to say you think Poppa’d tell the servants not to let anyone that I wanted to see into my own sitting-room? D’you think you’re in good old England in the days of good old Queen Victoria?’

It gave me much cheer—cheer that I needed badly—to hear her laugh so. I responded with a laugh from my end of the wire. Upon which she stopped down the cheerfulness.

‘It’s serious, you know’—this was in quite another tone. ‘It seems you’ve hurt Poppa on what’s just his tenderest nerve—his judgment as an art critic and his knowledge of pictures. All men are like Achilles—wasn’t that the man with the heel? They’ve got a tender spot somewhere. And you’ve just landed home on Poppa’s.’

‘Well, I’ll come round—when? Now?’

'Come right away. We've got to straighten this out somehow. As it is, he means to give trouble.'

'I'll come as fast as a taxi 'll take me, and in the meanwhile—don't say a word of it to anyone.'

'There's no one to say it to if I wanted, and I don't want to if there was.'

'In ten minutes, then, I'll be there.'

This telephoning happened on the morning after my visit to her father's gallery.

Perhaps I should have telephoned, on my own account, to Adèle the evening before, if I had not known that she was out, but I hardly know. I told myself that I had blundered badly in saying what I did to Mr. Dean about those pictures. It was done on an impulse of honesty; but honest impulses have a way of producing blunders. The words could not be taken back now, and it seemed as if it was 'up to me,' as Mr. Dean would say, to make them good. I could hardly leave the affair with its present frayed edges, yet it was not easy to see the next right move; and a wrong move would be easy, and might be deadly—deadly for my hopes of Adèle.

The previous evening I had told myself that I had better sleep over it, before chancing another move along a way not clear. Of course I did not sleep, except in snatches, and with this problem vexing my dozes almost as much as my awakenings. In the morning I had decided that as a first move I would see Adèle and tell her what had happened and all that unfortunate little episode of my life in Paris which had been the first foundation of the happening. I had made up my mind to do that, and then her voice came through the telephone, calling to me. That made me quite sure that it was the right thing to do.

As I told the story to Adèle, she had to punctuate it with remarks and exclamations pitiful or indignant according to the emotion they stirred in her. I need not recite these, which were only so many interruptions. I will make an expurgated version:—

Starvation is the devil's own advocate. The devil has more than one, no doubt, but starvation is the best pleader, the closest arguer of them all. Believe me, for I have tried. Quite different in effect from hunger! It is not an ache merely, with a sense of emptiness in the middle. It is all that, but more: it is a sense of emptiness in the head. That is the worst: when fixed objects begin to swim before the eyes. It is bad then. Your morale goes then.

I had come to Paris, when my father died, to study at the Beaux-Arts. I worked in faith that the poor hundred or two pounds, which made my whole inheritance from the wreck of his estate, might keep me till I could earn.

Almost, they did so. I found myself, on trial, gifted with a singular facility, an evil facility, of brush work, for I could imitate—I was almost, as I degradedly felt, obliged to imitate—the very brush strokes as well as the larger mannerism of any painter whose picture I saw before me—even of any painter whose pictures I had in my mind's eye while I sat before my easel. Far from being difficult for me to reproduce another's man's touch, I found myself in something like a morbid necessity of following another.

Therefore I could earn, but it was earning by the base means of producing pictures which must look as if they were by this or the other of the great men. More than one of the dealers recognised that I could do this better than the next man. They gave me copying commissions. It brought poor pay; but it just kept out the wolf. Meanwhile those dealers took from my studio, to see whether they could find a purchaser, the few of my works which I ventured to call my own—my originals. Of them not one solitary canvas did they sell, though I priced them lowly enough, Lord knows!

I had a conscience. I made all those dealers swear to me, when they took these copies or imitations, that they would not sell them as the true handiwork of the big man who had inspired my little copying talent. One and all swore very cheerfully, and with that I took their francs and solaced any upbraiding digs and doubts in my soul.

But now Abelard, the big dealer in the Rue St. H——, had commissioned me to do two, a pair, after the manner of Van Ost. That was work which took long—until I began it I had not realised how long—because of the minute delicacy of this beautiful artist. They should be painted on panels of wood. The dealers always supplied the old canvasses or old panels for the pictures. I should not have known how to prepare them.

If it had been for one of the others I should have thrown up this commission when I found how tediously long it must take me to do and how poor a bargain I had made over it, but I had a liking for this Abelard. He had a bluff open way with him, most different from the rest. He was a pure Frenchman, of Paris, but his aspect was rather that of an Englishman—English of the English. He looked more like an Englishman than ever any Englishman looked

—like the typical, ridiculous John Bull. He chaffed and laughed and was merry.

So I worked away in the fashion of Van Ost, and had come to the end of my sous long before I had finished. I explained to Abelard, and he gave me an advance. I had eaten that up before the pictures were done, and could not ask him for more. All that I had of exchange value had gone to the Mount of Piety. I drew in my belt, after the manner of Mayne Reid's Red Indians, in the finishing days of those pictures.

Never did man thank the high gods more fervently than I when I could go round to Abelard and ask him to come to the studio for the panels. I am not sure whether he knew the reason why I was eager that he should come at once, but I think he must have guessed.

I wanted my money—very hungrily I wanted it.

He came, and he looked. He looked, and he looked long, and said nothing. I felt my disordered heart going thumpingly. Was he not going to take them? The anxiety was killing.

'They are no use to me,' he said then, abruptly.

I felt my heart give yet a harder throb. My knees went shaky. I could hardly keep myself standing.

'No use?' I muttered.

'Not like that.'

'What's the matter with them? Aren't they like enough? You said you wanted Van Osts—aren't they like him?'

'No.'

'How?'

He laid his finger down on the left-hand corner.

'What d'you mean?' I asked hoarsely, for I began to think I knew.

'You understand,' he said lightly. 'There's something that Van Ost always puts into his pictures that these of yours haven't got. You know that.'

'I see,' I said slowly. 'What you mean is that you want me to sign them—as he did—with the "O" and the "V".'

I looked him in the eyes, as I asked him, as steadily as I could.

He did not flinch. 'Yes, that's what I do mean,' he said.

'And my answer is that I'll see you damned if I will.'

'Oh, very well'—he was not in the least offended—'see me damned. Only, of course the pictures are no use. I won't take them.'

'Not at the old price——? But, what will you——'

'I won't give you a sou,' said he firmly. 'Not one single sou,' he repeated.

I could not answer. Only I know that I felt very sick indeed—physically sick—and faint, and almost as if I were dying.

He saw something of it, I think, and I believe was a little sorry for me. He began to talk differently then—more gently, persuading me: 'I don't see what you're troubling about, really. Look at it in this way: you have a knack, which amounts to a genius, for reproducing the style of other painters; you get their brush work, their mannerisms and dodges. Well—you're imitating them, making pictures that have the look of theirs, all the time. Come now, what I ask you to do is just to imitate another bit of this man's brush work. Make it a bit of brush work in the shape of an "O V"—of his "O V".'

What he said struck me hard. It was true, of course. I had already been the imitator. 'But,' I still objected, 'it is forgery this—painting in his signature. It is different.'

'No,' he persisted, 'it is not different.' And then he went over the arguments again, repeating them. And of course they were good arguments—I mean, unanswerable by me, for really it was a practical forgery that I had been committing all along.

'But,' I said, 'you don't sell these things of mine pretending they are the real things. You promised me you wouldn't do that.'

'And I don't. I don't influence my buyers one way or other. I don't say a word. I let them look at the picture for themselves, I tell them my price, and I let them take it or leave it as they like. If they say to me "Will you guarantee that? Is that genuine?" I say to them "I guarantee nothing. What would a guarantee be worth, when there is no possible proof? What is your own opinion?" I ask them. You see? I am quite open with them.'

Quite open! Was that a right description of his way of dealing? I had a doubt, yet I swear to you I hardly knew. What I did know, with awful conviction, was that my head felt as if my brain was all swimming about, or going fluid, inside the skull. The outlines of the things in the studio went misty again—I must get something to eat, and that soon, or I should collapse fatally. That was how I felt. And I felt it so strongly that every other feeling or thought left me for the moment.

'Give me the damned pictures,' I heard myself saying, and I

remember how strange my own voice sounded to me as I did say it. 'I'll sign.'

He passed them to me—first one and then the other—without a word; and with a brush dipped in the burnt sienna blob on my palette I signed the 'O V'—signed it as I knew the original Van O. signed. My hand was quite steady, and there was no mistiness in my eyes when I held the brush and looked at the canvas.

So he gave me the money, which he had ready in notes. He went off again with the pictures, so carefully done up that the 'O V' should not be blurred. The moment he was down the stairs I followed and near by found food and wine.

So I had saved my body. I suppose I saved it at the cost of my soul. I don't know.

At all events I must say this, that if I did sell my soul to Satan when I signed this 'O V' he kept the bargain like a gentleman. Within a week from the date of my signing that egg in cup I had sold my very first picture since I came to Paris.

I say *my* very first; for to be sure I had sold those others—the imitations. But this was my very own—a little scene of Paris gamins in the street, seen with my own eyes, painted in my own manner—if I had a manner.

Within another three weeks I had sold two more. One was a sketch of a certain market just behind the Luxembourg; the other some boatmen about their boats on the Seine. It was always an American that was the buyer. I could hit the American eye as I never succeeded in pleasing either French or English.

From that moment my tide rose. If I did not know how often it has been so, how many an unfortunate dauber in paint, after wearing out heart and health in waiting, waiting, and no buyer appreciating him, has at length sold one, and after that one other and yet another and has found his vogue—if I did not know how common that experience has been I should write down my own experience as quite extraordinary. For that's how it went with me. From that time, as it were from the word 'Go,' I made a start. Nor have I had a halt.

So my devil, to whom I had bargained my soul, behaved himself like an honourable gentleman. But more, he appeared like a very Christian gentleman, too. But I little knew my devil. For now came back to me, to my studio, bringing in a taxi the two pictures that I had signed, the smiling florid Abelard.

He was in most charming mood. He was so penitent! I was

so right, and he was so wrong! He never ought to have asked me to sign another man's signature! Of course, it was all wrong! He had brought back the pictures now so that I could paint over the signature. His conscience could not rest till he had seen me do it. Would I do it now, and he could take the pictures away again and know, once more, what it was to have a quiet mind?

The fat rascal! What an excellent fellow he seemed to me! So open! So bluff! So British!

I was only too delighted to do what he bid me. With a slap of paint in each corner and a little working in of the edges, the egg and cup had gone. It seemed to me as if, with that splash of paint, I had painted the trouble out of my own soul as well as out of the pictures; for I can tell you that that lying signature had been biting into my soul whenever—and that was constantly—I thought of it.

And so my friend, my fat bluff friend, corded up the pictures again—again with all precaution against smudging the wet paint—and left me with his profuse thanks.

'The damned scoundrel,' I said, concluding the recital. 'Of course I see what he was up to now. It was all a thought-out crafty trick. He it was, of course, that sent the anonymous letter to the Customs Office. He had arranged with this New York hyphenated rascal to have the pictures consigned to him. And when the film was taken off, they had the Customs Officer's letter to prove the fraud attempted—as good as a guarantee that the pictures were genuine.'

'So Poppa took it seemingly.'

'A man would. Oh, I'd like to have my fingers round the fat throat of that Abelard rascal!'

'Don't mind about him, my dear,' Adèle said dryly. 'He'll keep. He's a long way off. The man you've to get busy about's right here in New York—Poppa.'

Her tone struck me as a little strained. I hardly knew what to make of it.

'Busy—how?' I asked.

'Why, to show him that it really was you that painted those pictures. I don't mind telling you that now he just doesn't believe one single word of it.'

'Doesn't he?' I said. 'Well'—and I thought it all over—'I don't suppose there's any particular reason why he should.'

'There's your word.'

'D'you call that any particular reason? Evidently he doesn't.'

'It's up to you to prove it, isn't it?'

'Aye, that's just it, if only I knew how.'

'Oh, how! Surely there's an easy way?'

'I'm sure I don't see one.'

'Listen, then.' She took me by the coat lapels, one in either hand, and looked me in the eyes very straight. 'You've got to paint him a picture exactly like one of those he's got. Otherwise——'

'Adèle,' I cried gratefully, 'you are a genius! But what is that—otherwise——?'

'Otherwise you will find that my dear Poppa—yes, he is my dear Poppa, although he has his little weaknesses, poor dear—may possibly object to giving his daughter into the bonds of holy matrimony with—well, with a man so villainous as to hint that he doesn't know a Van Ost when he sees one.'

'But, d'you mean to say, Adèle——?'

'Oh, no, no!' she cut in, with a laugh—a laugh that was just a note too high to sound quite natural—'I don't mean to say that at all. He wouldn't lock me up in a tall tower as they did in the Middle Ages. He might—I don't know whether he would—cut me off with a shilling. Of course that might not seem to you any just cause or impediment, but I should be very sorry indeed—I hardly know whether I could bring myself to do it—to marry right against his will. At all events, he could make things very inconvenient and disagreeable for us. It would be far better to get him convinced that you are not the absolute perverter of the truth that he firmly believes you now. So—if you think it's worth the trouble to make another picture—if you think I'm worth it——'

That was a question to which there was one answer only. Yet still I could not quite understand her tone.

'But now,' she said, 'if you've quite done squashing my best hat, hadn't you better come and have another look at the pictures, if you're really going to do one like them?'

A look at the pictures! As if I had not every line and tint of them burnt in clean on my mental plate. The acid had been exceeding sharp that had bit it there. Still, I did go to the gallery with her, and take one more look. I had never till then actively hated a picture, but I did loathe these then. Curse them, and curse Abelard's fat, comfortable neck and all the fine honourable emotion that he had simulated!

'Of course, your father will have told all New York his opinion of me,' I said.

She smiled into my eyes. 'You're not very subtle, are you?' was her answer. 'If you were subtle—at all like a woman—you'd realise that to talk about all this is the last thing Poppa'd do.'

'Why?'

'Because, dense man, it implies a doubt about his perspicacity as a judge of pictures—a doubt of his *flair*.'

'Ah!'

'Not only won't he talk, but he's issued an order to me—an order, as if we were still away back in the days of Sir Anthony Absolute and Squire Western—that I'm not to say a word about it.'

'And you won't, will you?'

'No, I won't, because of you, and because I want Poppa nicely smoothed down about it. Though it's an awful temptation to do it—to be ordered not to, like that.'

'But will he be smoothed over, if it all comes off—if I paint the picture so as to look like Van Ost—the good egg in the cup, the fresh egg, but looking like the old? Won't it rather rough him up, than smooth him down, if he has to confess himself mistaken?'

'It will rough him up, of course; but don't you see, dense man, that you hold him in the hollow of your hand, so long as you keep secret about it all? Don't you see—if you can make this picture so like the old that he will not know the two apart, then you can hold it in terror over him to make him kind and good. You paint this picture. You show it him—or I show it—it doesn't matter so long as we bring it before his eyes; and then, supposing he doesn't throw a fit and die on the spot—which is perhaps most likely—he will be disposed to compromise. He will say "Swear that you will not show that picture to a soul—that you will not tell a soul how I've been mistaken and defrauded—and I will give you what you ask, even to half my kingdom"'

'Even to all your daughter! Adèle, you are a wonder!' How quickly her wit had hit on this shrewd test and proof! But still—her tone! It did strike me as just a little changed.

Never did I work so hard, never did I work so well, as at that picture for which once, under the sharp tooth of hunger, I had sold my soul. In respect to that she had shown true feeling as I told my tale.

I went to my studio and put away the good work I was on and started to paint that picture which I hated more than any other—

unless it was its own pair. I worked at that picture harder and for longer hours at a sitting than ever before or since. And my! but it was like Van Ost! I could not put it on an old panel, for I had not the gross-necked Abelard at hand to get me the faked substratum. But I could build upon the new well enough, so far as the face went. The back would disprove the face, of course. But I did not mind that. Perhaps that was all the better. But for that, perhaps the fatuous 'Poppa' of Adèle's would believe this too, with the paint fresh-smelling upon it, yet another genuine Van Ost which I had discovered and was now trying to impose upon him as my own. Nothing was impossible to his vanity of the connoisseur.

I took it to the Deans' house while the paint was scarcely dry on it. Working together, then, with pincers and screwdriver, Adèle and I took from the frame one of those pictures signed with the 'egg in cup'—one of those over which, in the starving years, I had smeared the film at the rascal Abelard's command. In its place we fixed that brand-new panel on which the paint still stood out tacky. Then we hung it on the wall.

As we stood away and looked, suddenly Adèle turned and kissed me hard. 'Oh,' she cried, 'it is—it really is the very same!'

I did not understand then the meaning of that kiss and of that cry. It was only after we had been married a year that I fully understood, being, as Adèle said, no better (or worse) than a mere dense man. And I understood then only through her telling me in those words that I wrote at the beginning of this story.

For, of course, that wise child knew her father perfectly. The fear of blackmail worked like a charm. For a fortnight of thrilling, tremulous excitement, while the new picture hung in place of the (relatively) old, Mr. Dean showed visitors over the gallery without suspicion. Of course, it was an act of madness, as I told Adèle—of course, any close look at the new paint would have given him the secret instantly. But he was so unsuspicious, so confident of his judgment—of his verdict both on those pictures as undoubtedly Van Osts and on myself as undoubtedly the king of liars, that he never troubled himself to look closely. They were under glass, which helped to carry off the fraud.

And then, on a day of the days, daring all, Adèle—of course I was not there, for I had kept out of her father's way very heedfully all that while and never came to the house unless I knew that he was safely out of it—Adèle led him into the gallery. There she

took that picture, that fraud, and turned round its deceiving face to exhibit its naked truth-telling back. Mr. Dean did not have a veritable fit, but his disillusionment and astonishment and various emotions conflicting gave him a mental shock that came not far short of it. When he had his senses under his command again he behaved very well. He made me more apologies than I wanted. I gave him the hateful picture to do with as he would, and about half an hour after I had presented it to him—a half-hour during which I paid my devotions to Adèle—he recalled me to his study where I saw a pyramid of minute mince of wood and paint—my picture which he had ground exceeding small, working diligently with a knife, a chisel and a hammer. And I was glad to see it so.

He then intimated that he would be grateful if I were to say nothing, publicly, about those which he had always piously believed to be authentic Van Osts.

I promised, with even more particularity than he had required ; but I also made a demand, which he, in turn, had graciously to concede to me—Adèle—with the paternal blessing.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THE DANCE OF THE JEMEZ INDIANS.¹

BY WILFRID EWART.

SOON after sunrise figures were seen on the eastern hill. Prayers were doubtless said ; and, led by the *cacique* or high priest, a procession wended down to the village and, as the day began, dispersed.

Just an untidy group of mud-dwellings surrounded by horse-stockades tumbled together beside an almost non-existent river. For after a particularly dry season, the Jemez is nowhere more than three feet deep. And if the place, despite its two stores, had looked insignificant in the falling dusk, how much more was this the case in the cold light of day ! In its setting of mountains and cliffs and eternal snows, the sandy desert creeping into its very dwellings, the loneliness of New Mexico in its very heart—it looked pathetically abandoned and forlorn. So a man looks beside a mountain. And it was not surprising to learn that the Franciscan Father, the Government's Indian Agent and his family, a retired American farmer with a wife who amiably taught handicrafts to those whose ancestors had learnt them a thousand years ago—constituted the white population of the place. . . .

Daylight had not far advanced when parties of Navajos came tramping up the track inches deep in sand from the outskirts of the village, where they had encamped in a complication of wagons, horses, household goods, and dogs. They were in their finery, wearing over their shoulders, like bath-robos, blankets of every stripe and hue—but chiefly black, lemon-yellow and fawn—the squaws wearing long voluminous skirts so striped or checked as hardly to be distinguished in pattern from Scotch plaids (whereas, be it noted, the Pueblo squaws wear short skirts and buckskin puttees). The men wore gay-coloured handkerchiefs around their coarse lank hair, which was coiled up at the back, and invariably big turquoise ear-rings, their ladies masses of turquoise and silver ornaments, necklaces and bracelets, which must in some cases have been worth several hundred dollars. Usually they carried babies panier-wise on their backs. The children were

¹ This is actually the last work of Wilfrid Ewart, recording a dance we saw together at Jemez in November 1922. It was found in manuscript in his knapsack in Mexico City, after he died. He had intended to revise it.—STEPHEN GRAHAM. [This appears appropriately in the CORNHILL, where his first and finely written study, 'After Ypres: the Record of a Southern Journey,' appeared anonymously in September 1917.—Ed.]

usually typical little Indians, but sometimes the boys, slightly Americanised, wore blue trousers braced high over white shirts, and broad Mexican hats. Sometimes the children were like little gipsies as we know them. And these Navajos, even to the untrained eye, are as distinct from the Pueblo Indians, natives of this village, as are their respective tribal languages and customs. They are swart, strong-looking, and rather surly, hard bargainers, not over scrupulous as to other people's property, and, it is said, the most treacherous of all the Indians. Here they are guests of former enemies, for, until the United States Government took over the country, putting the Indians either into Reservations or, as in the case of the Pueblos, confirming centuries-old Spanish grants, so that the land remains the actual property of the village, war-like Navajos were permanently at war with their peace-loving neighbours. The Navajo is a wanderer and a shepherd, having no more permanent resting-place than the wagon and camp-fire. But *pueblo* means in the Spanish, 'town or village.' The Navajo Reservation lies a hundred miles to the west, but the journey is of no consequence to him—he is always travelling. The Pueblo life, on the other hand, is strictly and truly communal, the lands held under ancient grants belonging to the community and not to the individual, who merely draws his lease of ten to fifteen acres from the village elders and civil governor, holding them only so long as he industriously and efficiently cultivates. And the opposition to the so-called Bursum Bill, which was recently recalled to the Senate after being passed by that body, is based on the fact that the *pueblo* lands, of a large proportion of which, it is alleged, the Bill would deprive the Indians, were never purchased by the Mexican 'squatters' who now lay claim to them and their invaluable water-supply, but a hundred years or more ago were hospitably and temporarily granted by the *pueblos* to Mexican refugees from Navajo raids. This the Indians allege themselves and records tend to show that it is true.

Amid the family-parties of Navajos trailing towards the church, very distinct from the placid and smiling Pueblos lounging outside their houses, stand tall and dignified figures wrapped in blankets. These are of the most striking patterns and combinations of colour, yellow being the favourite, a handwoven pattern of yellow, pink, and green being very usual. The head is covered by a broad-brimmed felt hat such as the Mexicans wear, with the long feather of an eagle or of the wild turkey stuck in it. The haughty attitude

and carriage are to be compared only with those of a Moorish chief. Dark eyes glance proudly and rather contemptuously around as if expectant of an insult, and the fierce expression is increased by that rare ornament among the Indians—a moustache. If the Navajo looks quarrelsome and warlike the Apache looks equally so and more distinguished. His Reservation is yet further away, and he is in any case less numerous than the Navajo who, alone among the Indians, is said to be increasing in numbers.

Outside the church groups of Indians and a few Mexicans gather. It is an adobe building with a framework and a frontispiece of pine. In the lee of its wall on one side lounges a squad of young Indians in American dress—only one of their number wearing native garb—armed with weapons which range from a firelock at least a century old to a heavily silvered hammer-gun, and so on to a .22 Winchester repeater. The firing-party awaits with jest and gesture the appearance of the Host, which it may announce by collectively firing off its guns. But it does so with evident impatience, and any small bird that happens to flit within a couple of hundred feet of these perilously handled weapons is greeted by a formidable discharge.

High Mass is being held, and upon entering you are confronted by a church crowded with Indians, each of whom contributes his splash of colour—even to a group standing at the back, by a sprinkling of Mexicans in European dress, by the squalls of babies and uneasy noises of children, of whom there are a number present, and by the harangue in Spanish of a priest in white vestments. Standing on the topmost step of the chancel and speaking with much gesture, his background is of candles and incense, while on either side the altar sit two other priests, also in white. A bleak daylight enters through the open door and pales somewhat the evanescent splendour around the altar. Singing follows the discourse, and it is only more raucous because more high-pitched than that of a typical English village church.

It is more interesting, perhaps more profitable, standing outside, to watch the passing to and fro of blanketed Indians, some on horseback, the majority on foot; and to contrast the warm scene within the church, its light and colour, with the wild snow-clouds marshalling like a phantom army about the mountain-top. A fusillade of shots, however, announces that the Host has appeared and that the procession dedicated to St. James is about to leave the church-door. Three young men lead the way, the centre one

carrying a crucifix. They are Indians whose attire savours of a Chicago reach-me-down store. They are also jovial young men who, it must be admitted, try to keep a straight face throughout the proceedings, though obviously finding it difficult. There follow two more young men carrying coloured waxen effigies of St. James. One of these was presented to the Indians by the Spanish Fathers at least three centuries ago. The other was presented by the Franciscan Fathers (metaphorically) the day before yesterday. In fact, it is reported, a little unpleasantness arose as between the claims of these two figures, the poor stupid and benighted savages insisting upon carrying their time-honoured figure, the representatives of the Roman Catholic Church insisting upon the prior claim of their brand new and smart figure. A compromise was effected by the carrying of both figures.

The three priests in white vestments follow, chanting, and these strike a dissonant note because they almost alone recognise the occasion as a religious and a serious one. In the crowd that scrambles behind and on either side, it is true, there are those, older people for the most part, who join in the chanting with bared head. But for the rest—it is not dignified. Small Indian boys fight and scramble, shout and applaud, and in privy conspiracy with matches and squibs, arrange a little show on their own. Dogs bark. Dogs arrive from every quarter in surprising variety and quantity and enjoy the proceedings as much as anybody. Certain dappled hogs which have taken a fancy to a Sunday morning stroll now appear upon the scene, and anyone acquainted with the habits of these animals can imagine how far their routings and their snortings and their other impertinences interfere with dignity and progress. As if to add to the commotion—for commotion seems necessary—Indian youths and one or two Mexicans establish a sort of shooting-gallery in a neighbouring *corral*, expending their remaining ammunition upon any object that strikes their fancy—which of course sets the horses stampeding.

The procession halts before a shrine in the main street. The Virgin and Child amid candles look out upon a primordial world. After a service the Indians file before the coloured picture, making obeisance.

‘Tom—tom—tom—tom!’

Snow is falling. All down the main street whose surface is of sand and whose adobe dwelling-houses are of the colour of sand,

stand figures wrapped in blankets ; and on the flat roofs of these houses, and constantly appearing on those roofs from within—for the door is in the roof—and ascending and descending ladders are seen squaws with their children, the baby generally carried in a fold of the blanket or in a little basket made for the purpose on the shoulders : while against the grey wintry sky, statuesque and significant, stand figures gaunt as the pointer of fate.

The dance is about to begin. The *cacique*, the Master of the Ceremonies, a terrifying individual with blackened face and a brown fluffy wig with a white feather in it, attended on each side by his aides-de-camp wearing a collection of old garments designed apparently to make them appear as ugly or as repulsive as possible, have twice with beat of drum descended from the roof of the *kiva* or temple—a holy of holies into which no visitor is allowed—paraded the village and, according to custom, visited each house in turn to announce the approach of the ceremonies. At the head of the main street, which rises to a sort of knoll—a natural auditorium whereon are grouped numbers of Navajos and a few visiting cow-boys—are the two parties which are to lead off the dance. Facing down the street, side by side and about six paces apart, each party consists of about twenty-five individuals.

‘ Tom—tom—tom ! ’

The chanting begins. The left-hand party consists of middle-aged and old men who advance in four ranks, seven abreast, in slow time to the music, preceded by one of their number tapping on an olive-green, barrel-shaped drum. The singers wear coloured handkerchiefs around their heads, brightly coloured cravats, and white or pink or it may be green shirts or gaily coloured blankets above buff and blue trousers and moccasins. In the front rank, however, conspicuous by his fervour as much as by his dress, is a cowboy in leather riding-boots and khaki breeches, a scarlet shirt open at the throat, and a sombrero, who gesticulates in time with the music as represented by the singers and the drum, and constantly casts his eyes devoutly upwards. That is an anachronism which one cannot escape. For in general the older a man is—and there are certainly eighty-year-olds in the chorus—the more devout he is, the more wrapt in emotion of praise and thanksgiving ; some of those present indeed appear lost in the rapture of raising their voices, in thanking that god whose face is now so greyly veiled for the fruits of the harvest.

The second party advances on the right of the first, and these

are the dancers. Two young men, lithe and tall and well-matched, lead the procession, which advances in file, marking time with the drum and the singers, and lifting their feet higher than any squad of English soldiers. Their bodies are dyed a rich chocolate-brown, they are naked but for a white skirt reaching from the navel to the thighs. This skirt is bordered with black, red, and yellow; at the back is an elaborate green pattern; coloured tassels decorate it on each side, while below each hip depends a cluster of cords. The black hair hangs loose as a woman's, and like a woman's is circled by a pink scarf; on the head is a bunch of feathers that look like green leaves and are tied with a green ribbon. The cords are the falling rain, the feathers those of the sacred macaw, which once frequented the valley of the Rio Grande. The arms are bare except for a silver bangle fastening a sprig of piñon—the evergreen of eternal life. The movement of dancing is accompanied by a jangle of bells, these being fastened below the knee with a green and a scarlet streamer. A grey fox-skin with a bushy tail hangs at the back, while on the feet are furry moccasins with tan-hide soles. These soles are the symbol of Death.

Each of the young men is attended by a young or middle-aged woman—hard to say which, for the two squaws seem to have been chosen for their portly proportions, for the complete lack of expression in their yellow woodeny countenances, and for the mechanical precision with which, no more than a yard behind, they copy the movements of their *vis-à-vis*. Both are naked of foot and leg and both carry in their hands sprigs of piñon. There follow successive files of young men and young women diminishing in age if not in stature until boys and girls of ten and twelve are reached prancing and marking time no less vigorously than their elders—some thirty in all. A proportion of the men carry gourds containing seeds which rattle in time to the music. They wear varicoloured moccasins and, many of them, necklaces of beads or animals' teeth or both, which clack uncannily upon the neck or chest.

The garb of the squaws is only a little less decorative. On their heads, as tiaras are worn in a ball-room, are light green frames that look as if they had been cut out of cardboard. A triangle or disc is cut in the centre, at each corner of the base of the frame are two white fluffy feathers. The hair hangs loosely down the back. White lawn sleeves or print sleeves with rose or blue or green spots and patterns that remind one of a

nursery wallpaper, contrast with a black bodice and skirt. Five or six necklaces of coral or turquoise are worn, often more, and often silver pendants cleverly wrought, and on the wrists a number of turquoise-studded bangles. Most of the legs and feet are bare, but a few are encased in white buckskin puttees and moccasins.

'Yeh—yeh—yeh! Yah—yah—yah! Yeh—yeh—yeh—yeh! Yah—yah—yah—yah!' rising and falling, rising and falling, a monotonous chant, like that of the wind.

The snow falls. Feathery, winsome, playful, the flakes eddy sparsely down upon the gay colours, the prancing figures, the rapt and earnest singers. Grey snow-clouds, a blizzard upon the mountain-tops, a cold wind keening. The God, Nature, to whom this is a hymn of thanksgiving for the harvest, for the fruits of the earth, seems to frown. The ceremony goes on as though it were a summer's day. Bare feet on frosted ground, naked, shivering bodies. . . .

Now and then the rhythm changes. Now and then the rhythm becomes slow and the beat of the feet changes with it. Now and then the singing rises to a crescendo, the singers halting and forming a circle in which heads press close together: they seem to lose themselves in the enthusiasm of their vocation, in the excitement or mutual incitement of religious fervour. Then the knees rise higher, the beat becomes faster. Sometimes the singing almost stops—but never quite. It begins again with renewed zest. The drum taps louder. The dancers prance higher and harder than ever. The leading couples wheel and pass back between the succeeding files. They pass and re-pass the Shrine of Our Lady. They form into two lines and turn inwards a few paces from the group of singers. Every now and then the dancers advance toward each other and change sides, the young men always with a young woman in close attendance copying his every movement. And these young women? They are not beautiful: several of them are squat and ugly. But there is one who is beautiful, not alone because she stands in emphatic contrast to her companions. She looks romantic—and, it transpires, she is romantic. She is tall and slender, her black hair falls to the waist, her complexion and her face oval, the eyes dark as a Creole's, the features straight and regular, the whole expression as little characteristic of the Indian squaw as a white woman's. 'The child of an American father and an Indian mother'—it is the only possible explanation.

But the romance does not end here. The American family would claim her, would convert her into a hundred per cent. American, a true and beautiful American with that most interesting asset of a young woman—a past.

The Indian too—even the Indian—has his point of view. And it is that the most beautiful girl in the *pueblo* shall remain in the *pueblo*. Ultimately the young lady herself decides. . . .

It is reported that she is 'walking out' with a young Indian.

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All afternoon the dance goes on—the same chant, the same variations, the same step. When one party of thirty has performed vigorously for half an hour, another formed up on the sandy rise at the head of the village street is ready to take its place. The characteristic of this second party is that the men, instead of being stained a rich chocolate, are smeared with a grey pigment, and this grey pales in parts to a livid tinge, so that the general appearance is of an animated corpse. The singers and the drummer, too, rest, a second party taking their place.

And all afternoon the figures, muffled in blankets of divers colours and patterns, stand in ranks and groups along the sides of the village street, stand in doorways, lean against the walls of the mud-houses, stand alone in the picturesque attitudes of Arab chiefs, or upon the roofs of houses pose like statues against a snowy sky. And all afternoon Indian boys in black felt hats, white shirts, and blue linen trousers braced high, fight, shout, and roll on the ground almost under the feet of the dancers, almost between the legs of the singers; for they are as ill-behaved as half-civilised children, or as children tampered with by a foreign civilisation, usually are. And the priests have done their work. . . .

Once an old man crosses the street from the shrine carrying a censer, which he doubtless means to fill at an opposite house. He passes through the ranks of the dancers. His moccasins are soundless in the sand.

Sunset is signalled by a lighting up of the yellow village, the multi-coloured figures high and low and the blood-red streaks in giant cliffs, with an almost unearthly splendour—an angry red ray breaking between masses of grey and black cloud. Suddenly the chanting and the drum-beats cease. The dancers are still for a moment; then the squaws begin to take off the *tablitas* from their heads, their young men assisting them. The High Priest

or Master of the Ceremonies, with his brown fluffy headdress and blackened face and his two flanking companions, appears, and while the sun is setting walks up and down between the facing lines of dancers, muttering a prayer.

When the round disc of the sun has finally and for some minutes dipped behind the mountains, when night is encroaching upon twilight, the prayer ceases, the dancers dismiss. No longer pagan savages, except in their garb, they mingle with the crowd, laugh with their friends, and make their way home.

And with that dusky moment, mystery settles down upon the remote mountain-village. The snow-wind which whines and whispers among the low mud-houses and through the scant stock-ades, is the voice of it. For doesn't it whisper of the desert with its orderly piñons and its stealthy silence? And doesn't it whisper of a land vast as Europe itself whose moods and distances can only be compared with those of the sea? And doesn't it tell a little eerily too of a people thousands of years old, a thousand years old to-day, whose faith is yet with their fathers?

Towards midnight the village becomes strangely silent. Dogs bark on the outskirts, it is true, horses whinny and cough. But as midnight approaches even these sounds cease. There comes instead the subtle and uncanny sense of a place crowded with humanity, which is yet utterly silent. Moccasins make no sound on sand. The Indian steps quietly and swiftly—he creeps. The broad sloping street appears utterly empty. But should the flash-light be turned on, figures as it seems muffled in cloaks flit to this way and to that, from this shadow to that, soundless, none speaking.

The *kiva* or temple in which no white man has set foot presents a blank vivid wall. Pine beams jut out from it. The door is in the roof. It too is silent—betrays no sound.

Behind that wall—? Within that long low building, looming large and mysterious as night itself—? Is it the Death Dance in which ashen figures perform, naked, rites around a fire? Or—?

The Indian betrays no secrets.

SOME HARDINGE FAMILY LETTERS.

WHEN Great Aunt Jane died at an advanced age—but lively and chatty to the last—the family exclaimed: ‘She was a great character!’ or ‘She was a link!’ She had all the family traditions at her finger-tips.’ The middle-aged shook their heads and, with a certain relief that now no one was left to domineer over them, felt quite young again, while the junior members felt so young they wondered if they were really born.

She had lived in an enormous and luxurious flat, with every comfort and many servants, managed by a faithful maid who adored, abused, flattered, cheated, cosseted her mistress, all in turn, and was last seen—and only quite lately—wearing some of the family diamonds.

It fell to my lot to go through Great Aunt Jane’s papers. Oh! certainly she had been ‘a link!’ The tales she had told, the traditions she had handed down—apocryphal mainly, I had classed them at the time—turned out to be mostly true, according to the old letters I found amidst a mass of leases, bills, and other uninteresting matter. Many a time had I sat by her comfortable fire and watched the small, shrunken figure, and marked the thin little face, and listened to the far-away, shrivelled little voice, and said to myself: ‘Very amusing; quite a good story, charmingly embroidered by the memory of old age, but a romance, dear Aunt Jane, all the same.’

She was the last of her generation and there was none to contradict. So she rambled about *her* Uncle George Nicholas—he who had his monument in St. Paul’s and another in Bombay, and a sword of honour ‘which you, of course, have seen at West Park,’ and yet of *his* Uncle George, without the Nicholas. I had never quite credited these stories, but lo! on looking through those old letters, in ink faded to rusty brown and written on blue paper and folded in queer shapes and tied up with pink tape, behold! all the old lady had told me was true!

George Nicholas had been a sailor and was killed in action in 1808 at the age of twenty-seven. No need to tell all that. Is it not written on the monument in St. Paul’s? His story—as a story—is very similar to that of many another who fell in our

own Great War. The weapons were other, the methods different, but the spirit of a hundred odd years ago was precisely the same, and probably will be a hundred odd years hence.

To the Uncle George who had adopted him and brought him up he writes, April 12, 1804 :

'MY EVER DEAREST FRIEND,—I am on my way to the Nore after six days of severe but unrepented fatigue and have sixty Dutch prisoners on board. We are accompanied by the *Atalanta*, a Dutch war brig of sixteen tons, prize to us.'

Apparently there had been two Dutch brigs at anchor in the roads at Vlie, and the letter continues :

'Despairing to reach them with my ship on account of the shoals, I determined at a dash in boats, at the outermost if a good opportunity could be found or made. It came unsolicited, March 31st. Preparing to embark, we accidentally were joined by the *Beaver* sloop, who offered us her boats to act in concert with ours. We accepted the reinforcement under an impression that it would spare lives on both sides and would shorten the contest.'

Then follows a short but graphic little description of the crews under their young commander starting out at 9.30 P.M., and creeping slowly and silently through a misty rain till they find a place 'where the mist is a little denser,' and this they guess to be the Dutch brig *Atalanta*.

By 11.30 they are 'alongside and swarming up as noiselessly as possible.' Nowadays, one shot would blow the whole brig to kingdom come. But the thought of those boatmen, rowing silently and regularly, with muffled oars, each busy with his unspoken thought, the stillness only broken by the low word of command, is very romantic drama. The actors must have felt like the soldiers of a later day, creeping across No-Man's-Land to cut the Boche wire.

George Nicholas had 'the good fortune to be the first man who boarded her. She was prepared for us with board-nettings up and all the other customary implements of defence.'

And here I could not help thinking of the very different form such a letter would take to-day. Imagine a young fellow of twenty-three being so precise—writing such rounded periods. And yet this very letter began 'My ever Dearest Friend,' which shows a warm-hearted, simple fellow.

'The decks were slippery in consequence of rain, so that grappling with my first opponent I fell, but recovered my position, fought him upon equal terms and slew him.'

Did you really, George Nicholas? Just like that! A little cold-blooded; but possibly in 1804 nerves were less edged and the mental make-up simpler, and if one's country had enemies there was no doubt but that the obvious thing was to kill as many of them as possible.

But wait a moment. Just over the page comes an encounter between George Nicholas and the Dutch Captain; 'as brave a man as any service ever boasted,' George Nicholas writes—and killed him, too, later on.

'At this time all the men were come from the boats and were in possession of the deck. Two were going to fall upon the Captain at once. I ran up, held them back, and then adjured him to accept quarter. With inflexible heroism, he disdained the gift, kept us at bay and compelled us to kill him. He fell, covered with honourable wounds. The vessel was ours, and we secured the hatches which, headed by a lieutenant who had received a desperate wound, they attempted repeatedly to force.'

Meanwhile the second Dutch brig appears to have done nothing at all. There may have been reasons for this quiescence, but one would like to know what they were. Possibly 'a sudden gale which now sprang up and shifted against us' may have been one of them. Anyway, that gale did not prevent the conquerors from 'making all necessary preparations for attacking this other brig.'

'Having made' the Dutch surrender and 'having put forty of them in their own irons and stationed our men to their guns,' the powder was brought up from below—which seems a clear case of seething the kid in its mother's milk.

The storm delayed matters; it 'impeded all the efforts we could make'; and probably those efforts were made in almost total darkness.

The day broke at last and 'without abatement of the wind,' she was off, at such a distance and in such a position that they had no chance to reach her.

'In this extremity of peril we remained eight and forty hours [and most likely without a surgeon or any medical remedies whatever]. Two of the boats had broken adrift from us, and two had

"swampt" alongside. The wind shifted again and we made a push to extricate ourselves, but found the navigation so difficult that it required the intense labour of three days to accomplish it. We carried the point at last and were commended by the admiral for our perseverance.'

And commendation also came from 'My ever Dearest Friend,' we may be sure.

This ever Dearest Friend, sitting in his quiet rooms in the Inner Temple, must have had some anxious moments in those days when news was brief and only received at long intervals, but when every sort of rumour was rife.

'The *Atalanta's* Captain was killed and four others; eleven are wounded and so dreadfully it is thought every one of them will die.' War seems to have been much more *intime* in those days.

'To the end of my existence I shall regret the Captain. He was a perfect hero, and if his crew had been like him critical indeed would have been our peril.'

Then comes a pleasant and pardonable bit of pride:

'The *Atalanta* is much larger than my vessel and she mounted sixteen long twelve-pounders. We have not a single brig that is equal to that calibre. I expect your joy by return of post.

'Ever affectionately yours,
'GEO. N.'

There is yet one more mention of the gallant Dutchman in a postscript wherein we learn that:

'Two days after the Captain's death he was buried with all the naval honours in my power to bestow upon him. During the ceremony of his interment the English colours disappeared and the Dutch were hoisted in their place. All the Dutch prisoners were liberated, one of them delivered an eulogy upon the hero they had lost and we fired three volleys over him as he descended into the deep.'

A graphic little picture and worthy of English traditions. And if the phrasing is old-fashioned to us it probably read quite up-to-date (and perhaps even a little flippant) to Uncle George. It is doubtful if he passed 'swampt,' though personally I think it a delightful word and always mean to use it in future.

But in 1794 at the age of fourteen, when serving under Hood

in Corsica, George Nicholas had written home a letter which the great Pitt 'considered a most extraordinary performance at so youthful an age.' In a yet earlier letter he describes an accident to the *Alcide*

'after she had struck to our fleet. She caught fire and could not be saved. The men jumped overboard by hundreds. Four hundred at least were either burned or drowned. The sea was covered by dead bodies. And she then blew up in a most tremendous manner. All our ships put their boats out in hopes to save those who were alive and clinging to the wreck. Those who were caught up in time and were taken on board were so overjoyed as to fall into fits.'

For which transports they can surely hardly be blamed !

In the letter commended of Pitt, and written off Corsica, 1794, we learn how

'Lord Hood is now gone to take Fiorenza, and the army with the help of the sailors from the *Fortitude* have got the heights as I will explain to you. There was but one place to land the troops, where there was a little tower with two guns which kept the boats from landing. But some jolly tars scaled the rocks, and with the help of the davit they got two guns up on a hill behind the tower, and fired down upon it. At last the tower was forced to surrender and the landing of the troops was effected so that they got forts upon the heights and fired into the town. The inhabitants were obliged to evacuate it. . . . The two frigates ran close to the shore, one of them we sank and the other they burnt. . . . Admiral Parker has hoisted his flag and Admiral Gell has gone home in a very bad state of health. Captain Tyler volunteered to get the frigate up again which he had sunk, and succeeded. He is to have her. She is a 40-gun frigate and her guns are 18-pounders.

'We are now cruising off Toulon and have taken a prize going in. The Admiral has ordered us to look into Toulon and see what ships are remaining there ; we went in and saw seven line-of-battle ships and three frigates.'

And then the lad continues in the same breath :

'I daily gain promotion. I am at present mate of a watch, can take an observation and work it and tell what latitude we are in.

'Lord Hood has attempted to take Bastia with a few marines and sailors. The army has refused to go. My Lord Hood begged, prayed, and ordered in vain. For what reasons they refused, God

knows. Everyone is in expectation of some great event. Bastia hopes to receive assistance from Villa Franca. But in that they are mistaken. It is completely blockaded, and so is Genoa. It is reported we are going to war with the Swedes and Danes. I should like to know if it is true. We stopped a Danish brig that was come out of Toulon, but said they took her in by force. We sent a midshipman in her but have not heard of him since. It is supposed they took him into Genoa and murdered him !!!'

Indeed! Nice goings on! 'It is supposed they took him into Genoa and murdered him!' Poor little chap! It does seem rather drastic to have sent him all by himself. What can the lad's feelings have been when he found himself alone among people not one word of whose language he could possibly have understood! But we must not linger over the Middy, even if he was taken into Genoa and murdered.

Having thus callously expressed himself, George Nicholas continues:

'Bastia is in a fair way of being taken. The *Proselite* was burnt there. She was fitted out as a bomb ship, but the red hot shot came so thick that they were obliged to abandon her; and judging it impossible for the boats of the Fleet to tow her away, they set fire to her effectually.

'Oviglia was taken by the French and 7000 men put into it; but the Piedmontese collecting their forces together retook it. The French cried for quarter; but they told them that as they did not give them quarter, they should not have it, and put them all by the sword.'

Your 'theys' and 'thems' are a bit mixed, young George Nicholas, but one gathers your meaning. But the way you glibly flow from a young comrade's supposed cold-blooded murder to the putting of 7000 French to the sword—which I presume is what you mean—leaves one cold with horror. But I must own to preferring your letters to some of the sentimental, sniffing whines one has read these latter days.

'The French Army have gone as far as Genoa [he continues], and it is supposed they will make an attempt on the Duke of Tuscany's dominions, and so through Italy. We also hear the Russians are going to march several thousand men into France and carry everything before them. [This is not an extract from anybody's diary, August 1914.] We hear the Austrians have

gained seventeen victories successively, and have killed 100,000 men. It is said there is a Revolution at Paris, and the combined armies are in possession of it.'

On the top of all these wild rumours and reckless reports (one wonders with how much credulity they were received at home), the lad ends his letter on a domestic note, and this most pugilistic youth turns into the typical schoolboy of fourteen.

'I am in great want of cloaths: for the man of whom you bought mine was a great cheat. He did not send half; nor the shirts, and only one jacket. So that I have been obliged to buy a new one at Leghorn: but I am very much in want of shirts and shoes. I had no chest, a good many things were stolen from me. I am very badly off as to shirts, there are none to be got here for the Italians wear shifts—such odd rigging that it is impossible for a sailor to make use of it.

'I have nothing more to say at present except that I am your affectionate Nephew,

'GEO. N.'

I think one can forgive the elder George his pride in the youngster, and understand his showing the letter round to friends and relations. What times they must have been! How the good folk of those days must have gathered together over a dish of tea, and wondered whether 'the Russians were really marching into France! and had the Austrians indeed killed 100,000 of the enemy?'

This elder George was himself an author, and has left three fat volumes of his works behind him. They may have been very fine in his day but are far too stodgy for modern tastes. There are Latin poems and imitations of Horace and imitations of Petrarch; in fact there are endless imitations, besides sonnets: 'To Jealousy,' 'On the Pleasures of Pain,' 'An Address on the Tomb of Charles Fox,' 'On the Beauty, Musical Talents and Fascinating Manners of Miss Montallani,' and 'To a Celebrated Wit who has Chalk Stones in his Feet.'

But besides all these 'elegant productions' George (without the Nicholas) also left a quantity of letters. Some of them had come into Great Aunt Jane's possession and were, in their turn, all neatly tied up with pink tape.

In those days families seem to have been more united, more affectionate. Young George Nicholas would write to 'My ever Dearest Friend,' and in his turn the uncle to his brother 'My

dearest Richard.' It may have been a pose, but one likes to think it genuine; and George Nicholas appears to have been very modern in some ways. It was said of him: 'He hated all study and loved to have his own way.' Of himself he wrote:

'I hated all study at school, and would never have learnt anything had I been left at Eton. But if I *must* read, and *must* be governed at sea to make a good officer, I *will* read and I *will* be governed.'

But to get back to George—plain George—he seems to have been a man of method and to have kept copies of many of his letters. Amongst them is one to Horace Walpole to beg 'a ticket of leave to ride through St. James's Park, not for the sake of the idle distinction that is annexed to it but as a matter of real convenience.'

George had business at Kingston and lived at this time in the Temple, and 'being perpetually obliged to ride to Kingston on business' is on his way 'obliged to bump it upon the stones for upwards of two miles between the Temple and Hyde Park Corner.'

This letter is dated April 16, 1770, and one supposes that soon after Hyde Park Corner George was in the country and could ride upon the grass. It is pleasant to hear that Walpole gave the desired 'ticket of leave,' and poor George had no longer to 'bump it upon the stones,' but was 'infinitely thankful for the service done in so engaging a manner . . . the same elegance of manner that has, if possible, added to the credit of Mr. Walpole's ingenuity as a writer . . . and seems to extend itself to his friendship.'

Tut! Tut! Could such a letter have been written sitting in a chair? Surely George walked about the room and bowed and scraped and flourished his hat vastly? The quaint part is that with all this elaborate formality the two men were on quite intimate terms. 'But will not someone reintroduce these verbal gymnastics, so that it may be once again 'the mode' for us all to accept our dance or week-end invitations offered 'in so engaging a manner' with infinite obligations?

But to his brother 'My dearest Richard' he writes far more simply.

In March 1789 the convalescent King sent for George to Windsor, who arrived 'at the Queen's Lodge at 12,' and was, in a few minutes, 'Gallanted upstairs to M'd'me Schwellenbergen's dining apartment.'

After being 'gallanted' thither, he seems to have been left to kick his heels while the Royal Family went for a drive.

'An equerry handed the Queen into the first coach. The King followed him. The Princess Royal and Princess Augusta followed her. This filled the first coach.

'No. 2 had Princess Elizabeth and a bedchamber woman. Then afoot my friends Digby and Harcourt. When they were flown [one expects not very fast with two elderly Generals on foot] the Porter came to me and said: "General Harcourt had named me to the King, but that His Majesty, *being in a great hurry*, had said nothing." . . . In half an hour M^{me} Schwollenberg's German footman came to lay the cloth and produced the dining apparatus. For want of conversation I formed an acquaintance with *him*, and learned that M^dme sat at the head of the table, the Misses [*i.e.* Burney and Planta] right and left of her and any visitor at bottom.

'The room is pretty enough and *clean* (!!) but furnished with a cheap kind of paper and linen curtains. Observing a large piece of German bread I fell to and ate a pound of it. The hour and a half having expired the Regals returned; and then I heard the Queen most condescendingly say: "Do find out and beg of him to come and see us."

Surely to have seen and heard all this George must have been pretty close to the window? Did he peep out or content himself with a squint from behind the curtains?

He was then, like a lost dog, 'found by a butler out of livery,' and went through 'a very handsome apartment into another most beautifully fitted up with a ceiling of the modern work done, as the King told me, "in a week." Into this room I was shut and found in it, standing by the fire, without any form, the King, Queen, three Princesses and their bedchamber woman, whoever she was for I have not made out, but liked her very much because she seemed to like me.'

King George

'looked 15 years younger and much better in the face though *as red as ever*. The Princesses, as they always do, the pink of good humour. The Princess Royal had a very fine colour, the other two were pale. . . . It is impossible to express the kind and companionable good humour of the whole party. The King said a number of excellent things and in the most natural way. . . . The Queen with amazing address and cleverness gave a turn to the conversation and mixed in it just at the right places. We then went slap

dash into politics, Queen and all. The King laughed heartily at "His Rats" of that name. "They were," said he, "the lowest rats he ever knew for that all calculations was against them. Even . . . said it was probable that I should recover, not that *I am* recovered, according to some of them. And yet I have read the last report of the Physicians which is a tolerably good proof that I am well. By the way, your Uncle is considerably better, and I flatter myself that *my* getting well has done him good." He then said he would "ask *me* as a man of taste, what I thought of the ceiling," and then called on the Princess Royal to explain all the allegorical figures on the ceiling, which she did, blushing a little at first, in the sweetest manner, with a distinct voice and a great propriety in her emphasis.

The King then told me the whole story of the conference with Pitt, commended the House of Commons and said "His illness had in the end been a perfect bliss only to him, as proving to him how nobly the people would support him when he was confined." This tempted me to say that it was no political debate, but the contest between generous humanity and mean cruelty, and it interested Human Nature. The King seemed very pleased with the idea and worked upon it. He talked over Lord North and the Duke of Portland; he talked of the Chancellor, of Loughborough, and even Mr. Baron Hotham said: "You are almost the only man who loves the land for its own sake." Then we talked of Mrs. Siddons, Jordan, etc., and the Queen said: "Siddons was going to Germany to make the English find out by her absence that she was good for something." Then we flew to Handel, after which the King made me a most gracious bow and said: "I am going to my dinner." I was near the door, made a low bow to the females, and departed.

There is certainly the smell of lavender about the letter—a certain charm—a curious formality and rounding of sentences never quite lost sight of, and curiously in keeping with the homely vision of King George 'going to my dinner,' and the guest 'making a low bow to the females.'

This is very noticeable in another letter dated from Melbourne House, August 15, 1811. Twenty-two years have only mellowed the style and take nothing from his sense of humour. Writing to his brother, Sir Richard, he discusses a visit paid to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, who apparently was 'very partial to George's society.'

To what gusto, what preparation, what superb flow of language is 'My dearest Richard' treated!

'That I may lose no drop from the cup of pleasure which I enjoyed from seven in the evening of October the first to eleven, and from eight the next morning till eleven before noon at Castle Hill, I shall record upon paper, as memory can present them, all the mazes of my enchantment, though the consummation is past.'

Hoity toity ! There's a beginning for you ! And did it take all the time from October 1 to August 15 to think it out ?

But George was older by over twenty years and sedate accordingly, and in this letter there is no eating of German bread or talk of hobnobbing with a flunkey sooner than sitting in silence. Neither, on this occasion, does he seem to have had to wait.

'The porter bowed as if I had been the King and rang his alarum bell as if I had been a hostile invader. I looked as tall and as affable as I could, but I fear I am not born for state.

'The approach to the Palace door is magnificent, graceful and picturesque ; the line of the road, flanked by a row of lamps the most brilliant I ever saw, is a gentle serpentine. It commands to the right through young but thriving plantations Harrow-on-the-Hill, and carries the eye, in a sort of leap, to that eminence over the intermediate ground which is a valley better unseen, for it is very tame. The lodges are quite new and in Mr. Wyatt's best manner. A second gate flew open to me ; it separates the home-garden from the lawn of entrance. The head gardener made *his* appearance, in his best clothes, bowed, rang the bell to the house, and withdrew. . . .'

In spite of the state one always associates with the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, they seem to have been very simple in their ways. George had gone on foot to the Duke's palace, following his servant 'undressed and in boots.' However, things were a bit more formal inside the palace.

'Think of little me ! [he writes] attended by six footmen ! Three of a side ! and received at the head of this guard by the house steward ! A venerable Frenchman of the old Court, and of the last age, who had very much the appearance of a Cabinet Minister. He conducted me with more solemnity than I wished upstairs into my toilette-room ; at the door of it stood the Duke's valet, who took charge of me into the room, bowed and retired. In this apartment I found my own servant.'

Quite a lot of people to wait on one man ! No wonder if he 'invoked all the Saints of impudence' and felt 'an aspen leaf in a high wind stood better upon its legs than I stood upon mine.'

'The exterior of Castle Hill [what has become of it, by the way ?] has an elegant and chaste, as well as a Princely air.' But if the outside was so resplendent, the interior seems to have struck George 'infinitely more.' He was

'all astonishment, but it was accompanied with dismay at the awful silence which reigned, as well as the unexampled brilliancy of all the colours. . . . There is not one speck to be seen. I would not have *sneezed* for all the King's dominions. Everything was exquisite of its kind, in the taste of its outline, proportions, and furniture. My dressing room (in which there was an excellent fire) attached itself to the bedchamber and was *laid open to it* by a folding door.

'My servant, who is in general cavalier, keeps me in order, and gives me only two or three jerks with his comb, half scared at the imperial honours to his little master, waited upon me with more deference and with more assiduity than I had ever marked in him before . . . a messenger then informed me that His Royal Highness was dressing but would soon do himself the honour of taking me by the hand . . . opening by accident one of the doors of the bedchamber painted with *traillage*, in green and gold, I discovered, in an adjoining closet a running stream and a fountain. The bed was only to be ascended by a ladder steps and they were dressed in flowered velvet. There was a topical cold bath and at night hot water for my feet if they should happen to wish for it. Pen, ink and paper of all descriptions, made love to me ; books of amusement were distributed upon the table like natural flowers.

'I was in my shirt when His Royal Highness knocked at the door. . . . I hurried on my coat and waistcoat in his presence and then he walked before me into the library ; all the passages and staircases were illuminated with lamps of different colours just as if a masquerade were in train. This library (fitted up in the perfection of taste) is the first room of a magnificent range commanding at least a hundred feet. All the contiguous apartments in that suite were lighted up, and were *laid open* to this apartment. By a contrivance in the management of the light, it seemed as if the distance had no end. You can have no conception of the cost, of the beauty, or of the magic.

'They left indeed behind them painful and demoralizing reflections, but I was dazzled at the moment.

'The Duke, amongst other peculiarities of habit, always recommends the chair upon which you are to sit. . . . He opened a most agreeable and friendly chat which continued for half an hour tête-à-tête. So far it was like the manner of the King (when he was himself) that it embraced a variety of topics and was unremitted.

. . . The manly character of his good sense, and the eloquence of his expression, was striking. But even *they* were not *so* enchanting as that *grace of manner* which distinguishes him. Compared with it, in my honest opinion, Lord Chesterfield (whom I am old enough to have known and heard) was a dancing master. . . . In about half an hour dinner was announced. The Duke led the way. I was placed at the head of the table. Madame L—— on my right. In my efforts to be irresistible between my two admirers, I dropped my napkin three or four times in rapid succession. It was recovered each time by the well bred sentinel whose province it was to be careful of me. But I hated him for I thought that he almost betrayed that he was ashamed of the duke and of me ! ! ! . . .

'Louis the XVIIIth was upon the tapis, and Madame, unsolicited by me, desired one of *her* attendants to ask her maid for His Majesty's portrait in miniature. The Duke, instead of discouraging this alert galanterie, in good humour improved upon it by saying: "Let her give him poor Louis Seize and his Queen as well." It was accomplished. . . .'

'They accidentally mentioned the famous Dumourier. I said I loved seeing those whom I admired unseen upon report alone and in the mind's view. "But I shall never see Dumourier," said I, "for he is the Lord knows where (and I cannot run after him) upon the Continent." "Not he," said the Duke. "He is in this very Island and he often dines with us here." I *looked*, but said nothing. My *look* was *heard*! Madame asked the Duke (for it is a word and a blow with her) "if it could not be managed." "Nothing more practicable," said he. . . .

'The servants (though I could not reconcile myself to the number of them) were models of attention, of propriety and of respect; their *eyes* seemed as if they had been *made* only for *us*; their apparel gave the impression of clothes perfectly *new*, the hair was uncommonly well dressed and powdered.

'*Thereby hangs a tale*, which I cannot have a better opportunity of reporting. I had it from the best authority, that of my own servant, who had it from the *souterrain* of the establishment which he had confidentially explored. A hairdresser for all the livery servants constitutes one of the efficient characters in this dramatic arrangement. At a certain hour every male servant appears before the Duke, to show himself perfectly dressed and *clean*. . . . Every man has a niche to fill so that he is never unoccupied (except at his meals) in some duty or another, and is amenable to a sudden visit into the bargain.'

And having read so far I put down the letter and wondered. Did the H.R.H.'s of the present day follow the example of their

great-great-grandfathers and examine the cleanliness of their menials? And, if so, how?

'The male servants [so we are further told] meet in their hall at an unvaried hour; and round this apartment, as in a convent, are little recesses of cells, with not only beds in them for each, but every accommodation as well as implements for their apparel. . . . After this episode we are to go back and be at the table again. A very little after dinner Madame vanished. I flew to the door and was in time for it, with a minuet step, not unpractised or unrehearsed in the Melbourne Woods . . . to the fauns and satyrs there! . . . In a very little time the summons came for coffee, and as before he led the way conducting me to another of the upper apartments in the range before described, and, as it happened, close to the bedchamber. They were open to each other. But *such* a room was that bedchamber! It was perfectly regal, but without prejudice to a Circassian air!'

(And, my dear George, what were you doing in it? And why haven't you told us in what manner it was Circassian?)

'In the morning the Duke shewed me all his variety of horses and of carriages. He pointed out a curricule to me. "I bought that curricule," said he, "twenty years ago, have travelled in it all over the world, and there it is firm on its axle! I never was spilt from it but once. It was in Canada, near the Falls of Niagara, over a concealed stump in a wood just cleared." He afterwards opened himself to me very much in detail with *disclosures in confidence*, and political ones too, which interested, as well as enlightened me very much. . . . He is no gamester . . . no huntsman . . . but he loves riding upon the road a full swing of nine miles an hour.'

Which last reminds one of the proverb that it 'Ain't the 'opping of the 'edges as 'urts the 'orses 'oofs, but the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer, along the 'ard 'igh road.'

'In the morning he asked me how I was mounted, and before I could answer him he whispered (in a kind of whisper more dript and spilt than pressed) that he had for two months been putting "a little horse in train for *my* use of him in the spring. It was a pet," said he, "of the dear King who gave it to me; and *you* must ride it with more pleasure for both our sakes." How charming is the delicacy of conduct like this!

'But now for the last of these wonders. The room in which our breakfast apparatus received us had at the end of it a very ornamental glass door, with a mist over it, so that nothing was

to be seen through it. He poured me out a dish of tea and placed it before me ; then rose from the table and opened that glass door. Somebody (but whom I could not see) was on the other side, for he addressed words to the unseen—words in German.

‘When he returned and I had just lifted the cup to my lips, imagine my feelings when a band of thirty wind instruments played a march, with a delicacy of tone, as well as precision, for which I have no words equal to the charm of its effect. The uplifted cup was replaced on the table. I was all ears and was entranced ; when all of a sudden they performed the dirge upon our naval hero. It threw me into a burst of tears. With a heart for which I must ever love him he took me by the hand and said : “Those are tears which do none of us any harm.” He then made them play all manner of varieties for a complete hour. He walked me round the place and parted with me in these words : “You see that we are not formidable. Do come to us again. Come soon and come very often.”’

There were many other letters. Letters to Horace Walpole, Archbishop Moore, and letters from Lord Chancellor Thurlow and Loughborough, and the Earls of Sandwich, Stanhope, and Camden ; but best I like to think of him in his affection and simple sincerity ‘thrown into a burst of tears’ before his Royal host and making no effort of concealment. And all for love of the dead and gallant nephew who addressed him as ‘My ever Dearest Friend.’

One pictures them a more affectionate folk in those days. Or maybe they were not so ‘cluttered up’ with the desire ‘to get on.’ There were fewer distractions, less social competition. Yet they did get on. A monument in St. Paul’s (voted by the House of Commons without a dissenting voice), another in Bombay—a sword of honour, an augmentation to the family arms and such praise as Lord Keith’s, who writes : ‘Although the brilliancy of this service can receive no additional lustre from any commendation it is in my power to bestow, I obey the dictates both of duty and of inclination in recommending these distinguished services to the consideration of their Lordships who will not fail to observe the delicacy with which Captain George Nicholas refrains in his narrative to Admiral Thornborough from any mention whatever of himself.’ ‘The direction of the Admiral was to look and report. It was answered by the capture.’ All this is not bad for a fellow of twenty-seven.

George Nicholas must have been singularly winning and of a very lovable nature. ‘Her Royal Highness the Princess of

Wales honoured him with her countenance and protection which at a later period was renewed in the most gracious manner.' His Captain 'loved him as if he had been his own son.' Earl St. Vincent said: 'Your uncle has recommended you to me. But never mind him. When you are asked who you are, say you are my son.' Much the same from Lord Hood, and at Naples, where 'he learnt a real appreciation of the arts *but only in a manly way.*' Sir William Hamilton received him 'in a manner the kindest imaginable.' So let us not smile at George the Uncle who had adopted and brought him up—for finding himself, when he heard the dirge composed in his favourite's honour, 'thrown into a burst of tears.'

H. C. M. HARDINGE.

THE BLACK CAT.

BY GEORGE BLAKE.

STRANGE to think that a slight pressure of the gloved forefinger of a Countess obliterated in a trice the upland valley in which countless generations had toiled and loved and died !

Progress, they call it, this swamping of the countryside that the folks in the huddled towns may not go thirsty. Maybe so ; but there is a price to pay. The Lurg Valley flooded by the Countess—' a task gracefully performed,' said the papers—passed out of existence, and with it went into the limbo a wealth of history, of old and precious associations. Covenanters held their austere conventicles up there and lay in the heather when the dragoons of Claverhouse were about. A Bard passed that way, making from the fields of Ayr to the ship that was to take him to the Indies. The name of the Blood Moss hints at an old, sad tale. Under the brown waters of the reservoir stand the sacred cromlechs of the fathers of the race. And the ruined walls of the Daft Doctor's house . . .

It is true that John Ancrum failed, contrary to certain expectations, to cut a figure in the history of his country. It was held by some that the philosophical traditions of Ferrier, Fraser, and the Cairds was, through him, to be carried on nobly to a magnificent triumph over rationalism. Throughout his years at Glasgow the exuberant generosity of Henry Jones extolled him as a prophet. Then came that insidious, corrosive attack of doubt ; and the potential greatness was lost in the glooming, withdrawn personality of the Daft Doctor, before the mention of whose nickname the bairns in the glen cowered and were silent. Heaven knows what terror the sight of him must have struck in those young imaginations ; for he was a great hulking body of a man with a sallow, ugly face hung about with dark strands of hair, and his eyes were of the blazing black kind. The eccentricities of his type flourished, too, in those upland solitudes.

Solitude—it was deliberately sought, of course ; a condition essential to the exercise of his fierce mental honesty. He chose the house—a shepherd's but-and-ben—just for its loneliness, that he might think upon and resolve his doubts up there alone.

Absolutely alone, at first,—hence his prestige of mystery in the glen and the epithet in his nickname. But not only to the country-folk did it seem daft that a man should forsake his kindred and a lecturer's post (with the reversion of the Chair) in order that he might arrive uninterrupted at a working arrangement with the austere goddess, Truth.

His friend, Cunningham, left in his Preface to the unfinished 'Factors in Destiny' some general explanation of Ancrum's withdrawal. It was no social consideration that forced the man to make the extraordinary bid to be alone with his own thoughts. The rigid quality of his mind, or let us simply say, conscience dictated the step. Remember that his thought had been formed in a school that preached something which could be practised, that compromised with externals. Then Nietzsche came out with his intensely personal doctrine. It was that which fermented in Ancrum's hard brain. The idea took and held him, this supra-mundane concept of an ego that must justify itself at all social costs. The superman idea—it sounds so tawdry now, but it was sufficient to drive Ancrum from ordinary life.

It would be idle to suggest that Nietzsche's wild blows upset the idealistic idol in Ancrum's soul. That he should doubt at all was for him a sufficient motive for leaving practical idealism to those who could preach and practise it easily. We can say simply that he went into isolation on the moor just in order that he might think it out for himself.

Next to nothing is known of his mode of actual life in the cottage up there. He walked down to Windygates for milk when he needed it, and intercepted the general merchant's van not more than once a week. Only the children took his manifest eccentricities with a sense of drama. The grown-ups will tell you that he seemed 'a muckle, quate kind o' chiel,' which, allowing for dialect, is just as anyone of his colleagues and pupils at Glasgow might have described him. The intellectual adventures of Ancrum in his voluntary exile were more picturesque. For some account of these it is necessary to adapt and quote the notes he left behind him.

The entries relative to his first months on Lurg Moor are only of technical interest. They record, that is, nothing external to the philosophical question at issue in his mind—nothing of the weather, his walks, his occasional contacts with other people, or his experiments in housekeeping. From the first, they take a high line on the problem of individuality, and do not leave it for months,

until, somewhat to the surprise of the reader, they condescend to record his adoption of a collie pup. The stress put by Ancrum on this trivial incident is worth repeating.

'I have adopted a collie pup,' runs the entry. 'It is evidently a stray from one of the farms down the glen, but the brute was so frantically delighted by my friendly reception of his first advances that sheer vanity moves me to keep him. He is a shaggy, brown and white beast with a pliable body, and he adores me with hopeful dark eyes. Vanity—that is what, in the first place, was touched in me by his adulation. I believe I shall keep him, just because his submission of his will to mine rather curiously illustrates the mental problem I have come here to consider. It is by no means a surrender on my part, a concession to sociability. In the interests of science I could shoot the dog at this moment. I regard him as the chemist regards his raw materials.'

Ancrum's insistence on the purity of his own independence is pathetically prominent in the notes that follow. He certainly never stooped to the social gesture of giving the dog a name; it is always 'the dog' simply. And he made copious observations of the dog's instincts of servility. The extracts below are typical.

'The dog grows, and as his stature increases, so does his servility. That he has a canine existence of his own seems impossible. His needs are numerous and palpable, but he does not satisfy them at his own instance. All that he leaves to me. It is a complete surrender. I do not believe he would defend himself against death at my hands, but would accept it as a necessity of his devotion. This is surely the most debased of the "higher" animals. To me, searching for valiant individuality, his behaviour is nauseating. I may have to drown the dog since his devotion to me might weaken mine to truth.'

Again: 'The dog yelps when I leave him behind. Solitude is the last state he can tolerate. Even a partial reversion to the atavistic life is beyond him. Up on the moor here, he could surely live a life of his own—there is so much to hunt. But, no; my collie has no stomach for the rigours of self-preservation. Generations of sociability (i.e. subjection) have emasculated him. [A plain hint here for the philosopher!] I begin to realise that Wells hit upon a curiously substantial truth when, in "The Island of Dr. Moreau," he made the dog-man an inveterate serf.'

There are scores of items on these lines. Ancrum's observations

accumulated—a mountain of evidence pointing to sociability as a factor in degeneration. There were days when he sneered almost bitterly at the dog's instinctive attitude, then pulled himself up with a conscious protest against partisan morbidity. There is a significant passage in the notes on this point.

'I am not here to take sides, but to judge. I *must* keep aloof. These plunges into bitterness are symptoms of my own failure to live alone in calm. They admit the triumph of gregariousness. If I sour; if I go mad—then I fail. I must stand alone. Superman! Why not Supra-man?'

The self-consciousness of the passage is symptomatic. We are justified in the surmise that it predicates the beginning of a struggle, that the philosopher was being moved at last to protest against an introspective storm within the human being. A man contemplating his own madness amid the sad flats of Lurg Moor! There were greasy, seductive tarns up there, wide, hopeless spaces of white sky, awful immensities—what a background for the nervous fluctuations of this conflict between scientist and man! One wonders strangely now if Ancrum could possibly have blinded himself to environment. The stoutest pedestrian, passing that way at the sunniest noontide, admitted the grimness of that stretch of moorland over which forlorn whaups were for ever crying.

One can only go upon the implied evidence in the notes. Ancrum omitted to say a word about a December storm that buried his cottage up to the eaves in snow. (The story came from the shepherd at Creuch, who helped to dig him out.) He was concerned on paper with his own mind alone and with its reactions to the attitude of the dog—vague stuff, more involved and less comprehensible as the months went on. There are passages that plumb strange, dark depths of the human soul. One lengthy note has already been printed, the weirdly uncomfortable essay on 'Witchcraft.' The tale of his physical history can be resumed only at that point when, in the course of his fifteen months on Lurg Moor, the black cat was incorporated in his establishment.

'A black cat has come out of nowhere in particular,' the advent is recorded. 'She has taken my hospitality for granted. Unlike the dog, who miserably begged a favour, the cat coolly presumes that my house is open to her. She is a fatalist. If I fail her, she will go elsewhere. She is not, in other words, interested in me nor aware of the slightest obligation. Her own comfort, her own

liberty of action are all that matter. I feel, with a curious exultation, that here is a creature magnificently, naturally above the social humilities.

'The zoologist has it,' the note continues, 'that the cat is a domestic animal. I must agree—but only under the reservation that domesticity suits her. The condition satisfies her physical needs merely. The rest she keeps to herself, aloof and inviolate. She is the captain of her soul. She *has* a soul, an individuality. When my black beast looks at me out of those yellow, impassive eye, I have to realise as much. The beauty of her is that she has no attitude. She makes no gestures relative to me. Her rubbing against my legs and her purr relate entirely to her own satisfactions. She is the perfect solitary, sufficient unto herself. She just *is*. . . . It is splendid to find a creature that makes no advances, that actually demands something of me and yet offers nothing in return. Bless the barrenness of the moorland that brought me this cat to whom the compromises of sociability are unknown! I shall exert myself to keep her and study her ways. There may be something to imitate! Who knows?'

One could quote scores of entries in similar strain. The comparison between his dog and the cat became, quite really, the big interest of Ancrum's existence. For months on end there is missing any reference whatsoever to his own state of mind. He was entertained, taken out of himself, as they say. One could fancy that the investigator came to forget the investigation in the interest, even the humours, of the illustration. Humours there were, apparently, thus:

'The dog received a lesson to-day in the evils of sociability. Eternally jealous of the cat, he sought to placate her by a friendly advance—with, of course, the real intention of attracting and pleasing me, the servile fool. The cat, caring neither for the dog nor me, scratched the dog's nose, upset the inkpot on my table, then moved away in a huff, directed at both of us, to lick the offensive liquid off her fastidious paws. Beautiful creature!'

Again: 'The cat killed a meadow-pipit this afternoon, and the dog, jealous as usual, sought to inspect the kill. A scratched ear was his portion. The cat has left the bird on the doorstep, but the dog is whimpering at my feet, in the depth of misery because I address the cat, who is in a judicial but watchful attitude on the window-sill. It is exquisitely funny to know that the dog is afraid to venture near the dead bird under the eyes of the cat,

and to realise the complete triumph of strong personality in a comparatively weak body over weakness in a much stronger carcase.'

We creatures of civilisation may admit that these incidents have their humour: they would amuse us at tea in a suburban garden. But this was a grave man alone on a wide, brown moor, engaged in a task involving the destiny of his own soul! Putting ourselves in his place, we must acknowledge at least a shiver, as at a morbidity. And wild, jubilant cries like these were to come from this isolated worshipper of cats.

'They say that a cat has nine lives,' he writes. 'My black lady is perfectly happy with one that is completely and beautifully her own!'

It is an ascending scale of admiration for the animal, and it culminates in this:

'A cat may look at a king, say the sententious. I declare that mine could look in the eyes of the Lord God Almighty, then turn away and yawn.'

Thus Ancrum, the philosopher, towards the end of that lonely sojourn on Lurg Moor. The cat had been with him from the early spring, and now the autumn had come. With the low, grey clouds from the south-west, with the cold smirrs of rain sweeping and weeping over the brown hills, there seems to have come a return of introspection, clearly morbid at last. The juxtaposition of dog and cat loses its interest. The dog virtually disappears from the chronicle, and the cat figures for a space as a symbol in—it must be said—a mythology of lunacy. An entry towards the end of that October is rational enough.

'I realise that I have been losing myself too easily in this cat-and-dog life—a social trick which I regret. I am here to realise myself, not to admire an animal that has been able to do so from birth. I must take stock. I withdraw henceforth into the recesses of my own being.'

But with what a result, so far as the notes are to be trusted as a scientific chronicle! That peep into the chamber of his own soul revealed to Ancrum an array of horrors. Meaningless, grotesque, irrelevant—so run his observations. The other-worldly solitude of the moor had pressed too sorely on the human being, and the fine-drawn barriers between reason and madness were down at last. The eldritch skirl of the whaup is re-echoed in these last words of his; the whole record is bleak and forlorn in the

precise mood of that waste of high bogland sentinelled by the harsh hills, in whose cold shadow his grey cottage was huddled.

So much of it is unquotable, offensive to sociable humanity. More than anything else, the diary is a serial of contemptuous challenge to the normal faith of man, a challenge indited by a convert to a fantastic cult, glorying in his hideous apostasy. Ancrum, in his madness, professed to worship the cat. . . .

The litanies of his insane creed are only pathetic now, and the record must hasten to the last chapter of all.

It was read by Cunningham when he went up to the Daft Doctor's house to seek the confirmation of a grim suspicion. No word from Ancrum had reached his few friends for weeks. The shepherd at Creuch told a tentative inquirer that the tall figure of the philosopher had not been seen on the moor for a long time past; and the shepherd shook his head. His wife had looked for the familiar curl of blue smoke against the dark brown of Crawhin Hill, and three days passed without a sign of it in the still morning light.

It was a friend's liberty Cunningham took. He knocked at the door that hung open to the moorland winds, but a peep into the kitchen of the but-and-ben let him see that it was a house deserted. A tea-pot, cold as stone, stood on the hob by a grey, dead fire. Ancrum's old felt hat, once so familiar in Gibson Street, hung on a peg above the bed. The heel of a loaf on the deal table was hard beneath his shaking fingers, and a saucerless teacup was brown at the bottom with the dried-up slops of Ancrum's last meal. Then his eye was caught by a writing-block on the floor. His nerves on edge, shaken by the terrible silence of this deserted chamber on the moors, Cunningham held the tablet with two hands and, a knot of cold apprehension gathering in his throat, read the pencilled scrawl:

'It is as black as the mouth of hell outside, and the wind is howling. My Lady is somewhere out there, deep in her ritual of darkness. The poor fool of a dog is at the fire, shrinking and whimpering at the roaring of the storm down the chimney. But My Lady is out in the thick of it, lovely black goddess, capering with the gale and shooting green hell-fire from her eyes. Slits of eyes when she is intense. Black Baudrons, Goddess of the Night. Fire burn and cauldron bubble. Flames and lovely beastly things. I am going out to look for her, to dance a hell-fire cachuca with her on the flaming lips of Purgatory. My Lady

knows everything. I am going to her. And when I find her, she probably won't care a damn for me, bless her! . . . When shall we three meet again? . . .'

Cunningham, the obscene sheet in his hand, walked to the door and looked out across the wide, still moorland. He tried to think, to piece it together, to see the tragic farce in its proper setting against that enigmatic background of bog and tarn and moss. He must have stood there, he says, for a long time before the thin carry of a dog's howling came to his ears and brought him with a shock of almost physical pain to life.

It was not difficult for him to find his way to the point from which the collie was sending up his dismal lamentations. A few hundred yards behind the cottage he came suddenly on the lip of a corrie. Among the litter of stone at the foot of the cliff lay a bundle of old clothes, and beside the bundle crouched the dog, servile to the last, alternately whining his grief and growling his resentment of any approach, even now, to his very own, his so jealously regarded master.

Cunningham said afterwards that the sight did not affect him greatly. Before he had covered the distance from the cottage to the corrie, his mind had imaginatively prepared itself for such a spectacle. He stood for a time, just looking down and reflecting ever so coolly on the somehow distant pathos of the sight.

Then his eyes lifted from the body, moved a little, and fixed with intense suddenness on the figure of the cat. She was sitting on a rock near-by and, with a beautifully curved foreleg, was washing her face with a sort of easy thoroughness—a creature aloof to the last, indifferent even to the presence of Death itself.

SWITZERLAND AND THE 'ENGLISH' SKATER.

THE little electric train slows down and almost stops, then heaves forward again with a jerk. A grating, grinding noise is heard beneath the compartment. Some, the new-comers, 'new boys' as they are familiarly called, regardless of sex, glance at each other in mild dismay, thinking perhaps that this funny little train has left the rails. But there are others in the carriage whose expressions of evident content cannot fail to reassure their nervous companions, even if they do not go so far as to explain that the noise is caused by the pinion and rack between the rails, since the gradient is now too steep for the ordinary means of progression and the train is climbing upwards on cogs.

'But why,' it may be asked, 'those expressions of contentment?'

To those who have no experience of Switzerland in the winter that noise may mean nothing; to those who know, it is a signal marking their first upward step into the enchanted land amongst the Alps. For this little trainload of people is on its way to one of those places called in guide-book parlance 'a Winter Sports Resort.'

It is fully four-and-twenty hours since these travellers left Victoria, and although the Rhone Valley across which they have just passed is considerably above sea-level, the real climb has only at this moment begun. The old hand may be excused if he shows contentment, to say nothing of eager expectation of the joys to come. It is not during the past twenty-four hours only that he has been waiting for that noise, but for weeks and even months he has been thinking of this winter holiday and wondering if it can possibly hold more charm for him than those he has already spent amongst the mountains. He knows full well he is about to enjoy many days like the best of a summer and the best of a winter day rolled into one; not unlike those Christmas-card winter days which we are led to believe used to be experienced in England, but have now become things of the past, like the three per cents., stage coaches, Yule logs, and washing under the pump.

And now the train winds slowly upwards along the side of the valley, sometimes engulfed in miniature tunnels, sometimes passing

on hazardous bridges over half-frozen cataracts surrounded with clusters of giant icicles, and all the time an ever-increasing panorama of mountain peaks glistens in the winter sun. Winter only in name, for here it is as summer-like as the most summery of English suns. The rocks and precipices stand out black against the dazzling snow and deep blue sky, whilst just below them can be seen the snow-covered glaciers rivalling in their crevasses the colour of the sky above.

Looking on such a scene as this it is not difficult to understand why it is that year by year so many English people brave the winter journey to Switzerland. That sunshine alone would stir the pulses of a hardened pessimist. But in this train there are no pessimists, though perhaps it would be safer to say there are now no pessimists, for the train is by now some three thousand feet up and the magic of the Alpine air has begun its work.

An old gentleman in the corner is telling his neighbours a little of what Switzerland means to him. For many years, except during the war, he tells them, he has not missed this winter holiday and each year he feels rejuvenated and able to share with all the eager young athletes the pleasures of the mountains.

Those two young girls who have been listening to him, of what are they thinking? This is their first visit to Switzerland. Already they must feel that it is indeed an enchanted fairyland. Possibly they have had no experience of any winter sports and so perhaps they may be looking forward more to dancing in the evening than to the joys the daytime can bring. Little do they realise that they will soon be ski-ing or skating, floundering in the snow and falling on the ice and enjoying every minute of the all too short day. They have never had such a holiday as this one is going to be, but at present it is to them a rather uncertain adventure.

But what of the man in the far corner? He is no new-comer. The green baize bag in the rack above his head proclaims his purpose, for from the bag projects the point of a skate. That he is a keen skater is evident, because like all ardent skaters he is not to be parted from his skates. They are far too precious to be entrusted to the registered luggage. Like a soldier and his rifle, a skater and his skates should be inseparable. Being a keen skater he would not be in this train if he were not an 'English' skater, for our travellers are going to one of the chosen centres of 'English' skating, the first of all winter sports introduced into

Switzerland by the British, a sport with a tradition and a history of its own.

A hint of this appeared recently in *The Times* in a review of a new Swiss guide-book, as follows: 'The guide begins with a sketch of Swiss history. It is no more than a sketch, but it is a timely reminder that Switzerland has a history and that it did not begin when Whymper climbed the Matterhorn or when the "English" skaters invaded the Grisons.' The reviewer evidently realised that this invasion was an epoch in the history of Switzerland and from this moment the country became the winter playground of Europe. The pioneer band of 'English' skaters was the vanguard of that army of tourists which now in the winter invades Switzerland from end to end. That vanguard has always pushed forward. When the Grisons was overrun with a cosmopolitan multitude with no particular desire or aptitude for serious sport and the rinks came to be regarded either as so many promenades or else as stages for the performance of professional acrobatic skating for the greater pleasure of the multitude, then the 'English' skater sought fresh fields, where he could enjoy undisturbed his pastime with his own chosen companions far from the madding crowd. Again and again the multitude has followed him and at the present time the best 'English' skating is to be found only at the lesser known resorts. It is to one of these that our travellers are going. Soon they will leave the little train and spend the last two hours of their journey in sleighs. The sleigh-drive in itself is sufficient to deter any but the keen sportsman, but to those who appreciate it, it adds a touch of romance to an otherwise prosaic and rather tedious journey. The traveller feels that he really is seeing Switzerland in the proper way. The horses are drawing him up into the heart of the mountains and he is leaving behind him all such modern inventions as railways. It is that drive which makes him realise that for the time being he has finished with his ordinary daily life with all its worries and tribulations, and free from care he can enter into a new life in the mountains with old and new friends who are in the same happy state as himself. 'Never go to a place with a railway' was the advice of one of the original invaders of the Grisons, and there are many to-day who, when on a holiday, resent the sight of a train quite as much as the old climbers must resent that railway which climbs to the Jungfrauoch.

Where a railway does not penetrate it is unlikely that the rink

and hotels will be crowded with week-end trippers from the valley towns. Thus the 'English' skater is secure in his haven until such a time as a railway is built and he has to pack up and seek some place still more remote.

It is the squeezing out of the 'English' skaters by the relentless crowd that has given them a feeling of persecution, and there is nothing like a little persecution to knit together a company of human beings who have interests in common.

This, however, is not the only reason why 'English' skaters forgather. Skating—that is to say, figure-skating—is an intensely interesting and absorbing occupation which requires much practice and calls for considerable concentration and thought. It is an exercise not only for the muscles but also for the brain; it appeals to the senses and to the intellect, for all the necessary movements are pleasurable and the mastery of those movements can be made a scientific study. But such practice and study is liable after a time to become rather wearisome, like all self-centred occupations. About one hundred years ago certain skaters in England, realising this, conceived a system by which any number of skaters, from two up to a dozen or even more, could skate in company with each other, and so was started what has come to be called 'Combined Figure-skating' which is the aim and object of all 'English' skaters. This system, although it has been elaborated and perfected, differs in no way at the present time in its main essentials from its original conception.

It can be understood at once that this idea raises the whole art of skating and places it on a level with the best of our English games in which 'team work' plays such an important part. No longer does the skater work for himself alone; he becomes one member of a team and whilst putting into practice all that he has learned by his solitary study, he has to regulate his own skating to synchronise with that of the others of his team, to work for the common good, and by so doing he adds to the interest and enjoyment of the sport a thousandfold.

It is not surprising that those who have acquired the skill necessary to skate combined figures should become as enthusiastic as they undoubtedly are, and as it is obvious that nobody can 'combine' alone, 'English' skaters will go to some centre where they are sure of meeting others of their own persuasion. It may be that the mountains bring out all that is best in human nature, but whatever it is, skaters, like climbers, have formed many lasting

friendships, drawn together as they are in Switzerland in such wonderful surroundings ; and like all games into which team work enters, combined skating appeals in no uncertain manner to those who appreciate all that *esprit de corps* stands for in our daily lives. The lesson taught in our public schools—to play the game for your side—which is the essence of all English games, is all-important in this method of figure-skating.

That cricket and football play such a large part in the life of the British nation is due to a great extent to the fact that they are taught and encouraged in our public schools, for those who are responsible realise that these games foster what has come to be called the public school spirit, which in its turn influences the whole character of our nation. It is not unreasonable to suppose that if we were sure of, say, three months of steady frost in England every winter combined figure-skating would be included in the curriculum of our schools. Our climate, however, does not encourage us to hope that skating can ever enjoy the advantage of such a nursery, but since demand produces supply, so in the past clubs which correspond to schools of skating came into existence first in England and then in Switzerland, and Davos, St. Moritz, and Grindelwald, to mention three, have turned out many fine combined skaters. But the advancing tide of tourists has swept away the skaters and the schools have fallen on bad times. In the old days nearly everyone who came to Switzerland for sport automatically took up skating, for ski-ing was as yet unheard of. The schools had therefore a constant supply of pupils and 'English' skating flourished in the land. Then came the counter-attractions of ski-ing, curling and the spectacular International skating with its attendant satellites the professional instructors. Though some remained to fight an unequal contest, the 'English' skaters for the most part withdrew, as before explained, to sequestered spots ; and whether it was that they did not feel equal to the task of building up their schools once again, or whether the pupils did not come forward so readily and the experts had not the courage to persuade them to adopt 'English' skating, it certainly became the custom for the better skaters to 'combine' only with each other and the beginners were left to their own devices. It was then after various places had been tried and found wanting that a few enthusiasts came to this chosen centre and formed a club which has for its object, as stated in the rules, the promotion and encouragement of combined figure skating, and those responsible

seem never weary of explaining all the intricacies of 'combined' to old and new-comers alike. Further the giving of advice on skating matters has become a habit which is by no means confined to the better skaters, for no sooner has a comparative beginner mastered some movement than he seems willing and even anxious to impart his knowledge to some less gifted companion.

Cynics have suggested that one of the greatest pleasures of the human race is to point out each other's faults, and that this in itself is one of the delights of figure skating. Or is it that subconsciously 'combined' skaters are thinking 'Here is another skater who can be taught to combine with us, let us teach him to do so'? Rather let us hope it is a kindly sympathy engendered by the sport itself that compels the stronger to help their weaker brethren. Still, whatever may be the reason this coterie of English skaters are the most helpful of beings to each other, and no one, however skilful or unskilful on the ice, will ever lack instruction and advice.

That young and old alike can take part in combined figure-skating is not the least of its attractions. Anyone who is not too old to play golf is not too old to 'combine,' and as in golf, what the old lack in suppleness and dash they gain in experience and steadiness. The upright carriage with straight knee adopted by the modern ballroom dancer is the least tiring way of moving about, and that is the way an 'English' skater carries himself. Certainly of all motions there is none other that with the same amount of effort causes one to progress so swiftly on a level surface of any composition or texture. And nowadays by a special providence man's skating life can be prolonged because his playground is situated in a land where the old are not so old, where all feel young, and many a man and woman too who owing to their tale of years would be physically incapable of skating in England are still very competent performers in Switzerland. It must not be thought, however, that combined skating is a prosy humdrum game. It can become a strenuous athletic exercise. The figures skated can be small, but they can also be large and skated at high speed. Fast combined skating is the best fun of all for those who are capable of doing it, and because the figures are often very large is perhaps why it has never become popular with the masses, since such large figures necessarily require a large surface of ice, and those who are interested financially and otherwise in the making and care of rinks generally discourage would-be figure-skaters

from learning the 'English' style. An instance can be quoted when the hotel-keepers and owners of a well-known rink actually drove the 'English' skaters away from that sports centre, possibly also because as 'English' skating is not spectacular it can never be used to attract a multitude of onlookers. To the casual observer the better the skater the less he appears to be doing, so much so that a novice who has not had the advantage of meeting other skaters who have already been initiated into the art, is unlikely to adopt the 'English' method. He is more likely to attempt what is commonly called International skating which is an entirely different conception of skating. It appeals to the senses of the performer or onlooker in quite a different way. It is in nowise allied to the Englishman's idea of sport; it is a spectacular effort, an endeavour to interpret by movement and pose the artistry of the skater. In short it may be described as ballet dancing on skates. If done well it is very pleasing to watch and many of the intricate movements of the experts cannot fail to arouse the admiration and wonder of the onlookers, not without a desire to go and do likewise; and there is no reason why anyone should not attempt to do so provided that he is gifted in certain ways. He must have patience and power of concentration, for his apprenticeship will be long and arduous. He must be supple and lissom or he will never be able to assume the necessary attitudes, neither can he hope to do so if he does not begin young; and lastly he must be naturally graceful, for studied grace can never be made to resemble the genuine article. But without these natural gifts the would-be International skater, although he may amuse himself by his attempts at what is quite beyond his powers, is apt to become an object of pity amongst his companions, for whilst trying to emulate the grace of a Pavlova he suggests only the clumsiness of an Orson. These pitfalls do not beset the path of an 'English' skater. His attitudes are not ungraceful, but they conform to a simpler standard of grace, the grace of a good rider to hounds, of a trained oarsman or of a swiftly running three-quarter at football. The positions he assumes have been thought out and evolved on scientific lines so that by upright carriage and minimum of movement of the arms and unemployed leg, as it is called, he may preserve a perfect balance at all times. It is this almost rigid balance that enables him to control his direction with utmost ease and to eliminate entirely involuntary spin or rotation, the bugbear of all beginners.

The feeling of power and reserve of power thus produced when moving quickly on one inch perhaps of steel upon a smooth surface is probably one of the most delightful sensations it is possible to experience ; the whole poise of the body is quite effortless and the almost entire absence of friction imparts a feeling very nearly akin to flying.

The balance of the International skater is quite a different matter, for he travels with a bent knee, and to support the weight of the body on a bent leg requires considerable effort ; also the other leg is always poised in some particular way, and instead of being quiescent it is deliberately used rather after the manner of a balancing pole. The two styles have developed on different lines ; the International skater has his own programme or series of evolutions which he can work up to a high pitch of perfection, and as he knows what he is going to do next he can afford to let himself go to any extent, unlike the 'English' skater who must always be ready to do what is ordered, as will be understood later on, and so he has to check any exuberance which might cause a loss of control over his movements. He travels on long bold curves, whereas the International skater executes a series of evolutions in rapid succession on a comparatively small surface of ice. In either case the style is merely the means to an end ; it is the purpose, the intention of the skater that has created the style. The International skater has never taken up combined figure-skating ; if he did he would probably have to alter his entire method of skating.

But because so many people nowadays go to Switzerland in the winter and because if they only knew it they could derive a great deal of pleasure, to say nothing of healthy congenial exercise, from combined figure-skating, it may not be out of place to give a brief outline of the sport. Let it be said at once that it is not beyond the capabilities of anyone who is not physically deformed. All that is wanted is the desire to do it. Of course some will show more aptitude than others and will learn more quickly, but as soon as the beginner is able to propel himself forwards with some freedom about the ice and has some knowledge of the few simple rules of the game he can begin to skate combined figures. At first the figures will be very elementary, but they are none the less pleasurable because they are comparatively easy.

An orange or ball is placed in the middle of the rink, the skaters arrange themselves symmetrically around the ball, a few yards distant from it. They skate up to it and as they pass it and each

other, they each begin to skate the same figure moving round in varying curves and circles, sometimes gliding along near to the very edge of the rink, sometimes swerving round and moving in the opposite direction, sometimes near to the ball and sometimes far from it, and finally speeding together again to pass close to one another at the ball and without pause begin another figure. At all times they must be symmetrically disposed about the ball. If there are four skaters they must correspond to the corners of a square, if six a hexagon, and so on. Each must time his movements to those of the others, and everything following the word of command is skated at the same moment by all. At first the beginner will only be able to proceed forwards in plain curves, but as he becomes more expert the figures can be made more intricate, and difficult turns and other evolutions can be introduced in endless succession. There is no limit to the number of figures that can be skated, the variety is infinite. Thousands of figures have appeared from time to time in print and there are thousands more yet to be skated. There is no set plan or arrangement, for as the figure proceeds one of the skaters according to his own fancy at the moment calls out what has to be done just before each movement is actually skated. The set, as it is called, of figures continues for a quarter of an hour or more and during this time the skaters glide swiftly over the ice without pause. The circular path around the ball, the circumference along which the skaters travel, may be as much as fifty yards in diameter, and figures of this size skated at a rattling pace with close passes at the centre, each skater missing the others by inches only, is something to live for.

Such is a brief description of combined figure-skating, and like all descriptions of games it gives to the uninitiated a very inadequate idea of its pleasures. It is as hopeless a task as trying to describe cricket to a foreigner.

Combined skating is skating with a purpose. It gives some incentive to the beginner to try to learn figures on the ice so that he may be able to take his place in a team and become a credit to his team and to himself. At the same time it is a never-ending source of enjoyment to the expert.

So many skaters are apt to wander aimlessly about the ice and it is not long before they become tired of skating and take to some other form of sport. Not so the combined figure-skater who always has something new to learn, first by himself and afterwards in company with his friends.

It was after the Napoleonic wars when England settled down to an uninterrupted period of prosperity and peace that cricket and football took such a hold on the nation and became our national games. It was at about the same time that the Skating Club was formed for the purpose of skating combined figures, first on the Serpentine and afterwards in Regent's Park. As in cricket at that time the orthodox headgear was a top hat.

Now there is something comfortable in the thought that this sport had its top-hatted period. It is satisfactory to feel that it has withstood the test of time, that it is not of mushroom growth, and that our forbears have given to us in trust so fine a sport and one that appeals to all that is best in the English character. Though the scene of operations has now for the most part been transferred to a foreign country, partly owing to our mild winters and partly to the obvious suitability of that country, there are still those who are carrying on all the traditions of the sport, either by skating in Switzerland or by attending frequent meetings in London and elsewhere in order to legislate for and control skating politics and to discuss new problems that arise on the rinks in Switzerland.

Many of those who are travelling in the little train are quite unaware of all that their destination stands for amongst 'English' skaters, but they will be dense indeed if they do not quickly realise the spirit of comradeship which permeates the place, due to a large extent to the time-honoured pastime of Combined Figure-skating.

HUMPHRY H. COBB.

THE PHILOSOPHER IN THE WORKSHOP.

INDICATIONS are multiplying, all too rapidly, that we must anticipate a further period of depression in trade and consequently a fourth winter of unemployment. The Government are making all the preparations that a government can; municipalities, great and small, have schemes in hand which are calculated to give a certain amount of employment locally, and great corporations, notably the Railway Companies, are doing their utmost to speed up the initiation of schemes for improvements and extensions in various directions. But these things are, at the best, mere palliatives; they cannot promise any real solution of the distressing problem by which we are confronted. There is indeed only one radical remedy for unemployment: an increase in remunerative production. If we could recover the £300,000,000 of foreign trade which we have lost, nearly the whole of the unemployed workmen of the country would be reabsorbed into industry and the problem would be, at least temporarily, solved. An additional demand in the home market for a similar amount of commodities, if by any means it could be stimulated, would, of course, be equally efficacious. But there are those who hold, and they have strong ground for their conviction, that there can be no permanent solution of this problem without, on the one hand, a redistribution on a considerable scale of the population of the Commonwealth, and, on the other, a really adequate and comprehensive scheme of national insurance, perhaps on the basis of industries, such as will give to every workman in the country effective security against the contingencies of industrial life, and, in particular, against inevitable fluctuations in employment.

It is not, however, with the industrial outlook, nor with the problems which any analysis of the situation must necessarily suggest, that this paper is primarily concerned. The purpose of the following pages is to commend to the notice of those who are pondering these grave matters—and what responsible citizen is not?—a very remarkable book, upon which I accidentally lighted during a country-house visit a few weeks ago.

I ought perhaps to say that I have never possessed a Ford motor-car, nor a Fordson tractor, and that I know nothing of Mr. Henry Ford except what I have learnt from the book to which

I refer.¹ But I do not hesitate to say that nothing that has come to my notice for many a long year has given me such good hope of a real industrial renaissance, and of a restoration of industrial harmony (and the one is the necessary complement of the other), as a perusal of this remarkable record of productive enterprise—this still more remarkable analysis of the philosophy of industrial economics. For this reason I should like to see a cheap reprint of the book in the hands of every employer and every workman in this country. That English captains of industry and English working men will find in it much to criticise—each from his own point of view—I do not doubt. Nor do I suggest that the methods which have yielded such marvellous results in a particular industry in the United States of America, and under the direction of a man of rare genius, could be adapted to all other industries, carried on in other countries and under very different conditions. Nor indeed can I accept as economic gospel all the theories which Mr. Ford in the course of his narrative expounds. With one theory, in particular, I shall presently be compelled to quarrel. But it is not so much with the details of business organisation that I am concerned; nor with the exposition of economic theories; but rather with the self-revelation of this great captain of industry, as poet, prophet, and philosopher.

Mr. Ford is understood to have made a vast fortune. I know nothing about that, and, in this autobiography, he stands plainly revealed as no mere money-maker, in the ordinary sense. Of 'money' he is indeed curiously, and perhaps unduly, contemptuous. He refuses, for example, to admit that gold is a valuable commodity. 'It is no more wealth,' he says, 'than hat-checks are hats. But it can be so manipulated as the sign of wealth, as to give its owners or controllers the whip-hand over the credit which the producers of real wealth require' (p. 182). This is one of the instances—there are not many—in which Mr. Ford shows himself so completely saturated with the pure milk of the gospel of production as to render him oblivious of the economic theory of exchange; and indeed of some accepted precepts of economic practice, which cannot, without peril to the whole structure, be ignored. He is indeed ready to admit that money fulfils a useful social function: 'Money . . . is part of our transportation system. It is a simple and direct method of conveying goods from one person to another. Money is itself most admirable. . . .

¹ *My Life and Work*, by Henry Ford (1923).

It is not intrinsically evil. It is one of the most useful devices of social life.' Nevertheless, even gold is not to be accounted wealth. This is not the place for a discussion of the current definitions of 'Wealth'; or of the various theories of 'Value,'—topics on which I had something to say in a recent number of this MAGAZINE.¹ I would, however, ask Mr. Ford whether in his wide experience of business he has ever known the possessor of gold who was not able to obtain in exchange for it something which he wanted? But if that be so, gold is 'wealth.' Nor would it, I suspect, overtax the practical genius of Mr. Ford to convert into 'real wealth' (in his own acceptance of that disputed term) any amount of gold he might acquire.

Closely akin to Mr. Ford's error (as I deem it) in regard to gold, is his curious failure to appreciate the function of 'mere capital' in production. We cannot, as he justly insists (p. 258), 'play fast and loose with economic laws, because if we do they handle us in very hard ways.' Precisely; and I suggest that Mr. Ford himself runs grave risk of the danger he so clearly discerns, when he denies (p. 39) that interest on capital is 'a proper charge against the operating expenses of a business.' It is evidently true that money in itself is industrially barren, that it cannot be regarded as an *agent* in production in quite the same sense as muscle and brains. Yet if not strictly an agent, it is an indispensable condition of production. Consequently it is entitled to some share, however modest, in the joint product of industry. I find it difficult to understand, therefore, what Mr. Ford means by such a passage as this: 'Money . . . will do nothing of itself. The only use of money is to buy tools to work with or the product of tools. Therefore money is worth what it will help you to produce or buy and no more. If a man thinks that his money will earn 5 per cent. or 6 per cent. he ought to place it where he can get that return'—thus far I cordially agree, but Mr. Ford goes on:—'but money placed in a business is not a charge on the business—or rather should not be' (p. 40); and again (p. 39): 'I have never been able to understand on what theory the original investment of money can be charged against a business.' Money invested in a business, he insists, 'ceases to be money and becomes, or should become, an engine of production, and it is, therefore, worth what it produces—and not a fixed sum according to some scale that has no bearing upon the particular business in which the money has been

¹ *Ruskin's Economics* (CORNHILL MAGAZINE for April 1923).

placed. Any return should come after it has produced, not before.'

What does this mean? Does it mean that it is an immoral proceeding to distinguish between different classes of capital; that while a man may legitimately take 'profits' which may amount to 20, 30, or 60 per cent. on the ordinary capital invested in a business, he may not with good conscience take a 'fixed' interest from preference or debenture capital? If this be not the meaning, I can attach none to it. If it be, it seems to me an absurd and withal a mischievous proposition. How can there in any case be a 'return' on capital until 'after it has produced'? Whence, otherwise, would the 'return' be derived? A 'fixed' rate of interest is fixed (as most people are painfully aware) only in the sense of being a maximum; if a limited company does not earn sufficient to pay its debenture holders or preference shareholders, they will remain unpaid, however 'fixed' their interest. The division of the capital of any given concern into different categories, involving a certain precedence in profit taking, is a mere matter of convenience, on the one hand to investors, on the other, and much more conspicuously, to all those who as entrepreneurs or employees are engaged in the actual work of production.

It is not, however, with the spots on the sun that I am specially concerned, though they are too conspicuous to be ignored, but with the essentially sound business philosophy of one of the most philosophical business men that I have ever encountered.

The philosophy of the workshop as expounded by Mr. Ford may be reduced, in summary, to a few leading propositions. At the base of the whole logical structure is the doctrine of work. The classification of society into 'rich' and 'poor' is both misleading and inadequate; there are no such fixed classes and no such rigid divisions; besides, there are not enough 'rich' and not enough 'poor' to justify the classification; the true line of differentiation is between those who will work and those who won't. From this thesis Mr. Ford starts: 'Prosperity and happiness can be obtained only through honest effort. Human ills flow largely from attempting to escape from this natural course. I have no suggestion which goes beyond in its fullest this principle of nature. I take it for granted that we must work.' His next proposition is that given efficient organisation there is work for everybody. There is no reason why a man who is willing to work should not be able to work and to receive the full value of his work.

Nor will the work of one man deprive another of his job. On the contrary the harder one man works and the more he turns out, the more effectively is he creating jobs for other people. 'Idleness never created a job.' This truth—appreciated, of course, by all economists, but denied in practice by many workmen and not a few employers—is fundamental to the philosophical system of Fordism. Were its truth generally apprehended there would be an end to *ca' canny* on the part of workmen, and to limitation of output on the part of entrepreneurs. 'Overproduction' is really mal-adjustment between demand and supply, between consumer and producer. But demand—this is Mr. Ford's third proposition—is very often stimulated by supply. A given article, to-day regarded as a luxury, may, to-morrow, come to be looked upon as a necessity, owing to a lowering of the price and an increase of supply. On this point the following tabulated statement as to the prices and production of the Ford touring car is extraordinarily suggestive :

Years.	Price.	Production.
1909-10	\$950	18,664 cars.
1910-11	\$780	34,528 "
1911-12	\$690	78,440 "
1914-15	\$490	308,213 "
1916-17	\$360	785,432 "
1920-21	\$440-355	1,250,000 "

(I have omitted certain intermediate years, but except 1917-20 the series is progressive.)

To the modern theory of value this practical demonstration adjusts itself exactly. The cast-iron theories of the older economists—the 'labour' theory and the 'cost of production' theory—have now given place to that of marginal utility which rests at least as much on psychology as on economics. In practice, it is Mr. Ford's conviction that prices are almost everywhere and for all commodities too high ; but that the way to reduce them is not to cut down wages—the first and last resort of the less competent entrepreneur—but by multiplied output, by reduced cost of production, and by increased efficiency of management, and not least by the increased efficiency of labour to increase them. Here is a characteristic outburst, the vehemence and self-confidence of which do not detract from its essential truth : 'Why flounder around waiting for good business ? Get the cost down by better management. Get the prices down to the buying power. Cutting

wages is the easiest and most slovenly way to handle the situation, not to speak of its being an inhuman way. . . . It is not good management to take profits out of the workers or the buyers; make management produce the profits. Don't cheapen the product; don't cheapen the wage; don't overcharge the public. Put brains into the methods, and more brains, and still more brains—do things better than ever before' (pp. 136, 155). There is the kernel of the philosophy of the Ford workshop; the demand for any really useful commodity is virtually unlimited; but prices are everywhere too high; so is cost of production, though wages are too low. Raise wages, but take care that the higher wages are really earned by larger output and so lower the cost of production; employ the best possible machinery and the largest possible amount of it; don't be afraid that machinery will displace 'hands'; 'when were men ever really put out of work by the improvement of industrial processes?'; let there be no red tape in the workshop and no rigid demarcation of duties, no water-tight compartments of work; we want 'a better recognition of the human element in business,' but don't admit sentiment into the factory; above all let there be fair play for all workers, a career open to talent, and no petty tyranny. 'A large amount of labour unrest,' as Mr. Ford truly observes, 'comes from the unjust exercise of authority by those in subordinate positions. One of the things we will not tolerate is injustice of any kind. The moment a man starts to swell with authority he is discovered and he goes out or back to a machine.'

Once more it is interesting to observe how completely the practice of Mr. Ford vindicates the truth and reinforces the authority of economic laws as interpreted by the best modern commentators. Take the theory of Profits. Ricardo and those who followed his teaching declared that profits are in inverse ratio to wages: that they rise as wages fall and fall as wages rise. Such a doctrine was fallacious on the side of theory and terribly mischievous in its effects on practice. Mill took the sting out of Ricardo's formula by substituting for 'wages' 'cost of production,' and thus came a step nearer to modern doctrine, but it was reserved for an American Economist, Francis A. Walker, to bring the theory of Profits into line with the Ricardian theory of Rent; to show that Profits—as distinct from Interest—are in reality a species of the same genus as Rent, and from this fresh analysis to deduce two important conclusions: (i) that Profits are neither a deduction

from wages; nor (ii) an addition to price. They represent in fact the remuneration for exceptional business ability—the reward of the entrepreneur or captain of industry. Just as there is land so poor that it will not yield an economic rent, so there are business brains so inferior as not to earn profits. Profits, therefore, measure the difference between high quality and low quality business brains as rent measures the difference between good and bad land.

Mr. Ford's philosophy of business is evidently in complete accord with modern economic theory in this matter. Similarly in regard to wages. Mr. Ford will, of course, have nothing to say to the old 'iron law of wages,' the wage-fund doctrine (though I do not remember that he repudiates it in terms). On the contrary wages must come ultimately out of the product, and cannot therefore exceed what the industry will stand. But, again, the capacity of the industry is not fixed but elastic, and dependent partly on labour and partly on management. 'It is not the manager of the business who pays the high wages. Of course, if he can and will not the blame is on him. But he alone can never make high wages possible. High wages cannot be paid unless the workmen earn them. Their labour is the productive factor. It is not the only productive factor—*poor management can waste labour and material and nullify the efforts of labour.* Labour can nullify the results of good management. But in a partnership of skilled management and honest labour, it is the workman who makes high wages possible. He invests his energy and skill, and if he makes an honest, wholehearted investment, high wages ought to be his reward. Not only has he earned them, but he has had a big part in creating them' (p. 119).

I am convinced that in the words I have italicised, Mr. Ford puts his finger on an exceedingly important truth. Nor is any single factor, at present, doing more to contribute to unrest among the more thoughtful and better educated workmen than a realisation of its truth. Management is by no means invariably as good as it should be, and the workmen are aware of it. They see in the daily conduct of business much waste which competent management would avoid; they see obsolete methods retained which ought to be abandoned and machinery employed which ought to be scrapped. They may not indeed suffer in regard to the rate of wages, collective bargaining secures them the trade union rate; but the volume of production is contracted and employment is rendered precarious. Everyone who has any practical knowledge

of business is familiar with the spectacle of two concerns side by side in a given town producing similar articles for the same market and staffed by the same sort of workmen. The one does well because the management is efficient ; the other does badly because it is not ; and the best workmen in the latter concern are irritated by the sight of many things which they can do nothing to alter or improve. That their labour should be wasted by misdirection and incompetent administration hurts their pride now, and to-morrow by curtailing employment may seriously affect their pockets.

The obverse of the proposition is, of course, equally true and equally common—slack workmanship may bring to naught the best efforts of good management. If I do not insist upon it with similar emphasis, it is only because it is more generally recognised. And between the two cases there is this difference : a manager can and should get rid of idle and incompetent workmen ; workmen cannot get rid of an incompetent manager. All that they can do is to forsake him for a better, and in the interests of all concerned—notably that of the consumer—the sooner they take this step the better. Incompetent managers only cumber the industrial earth ; they keep up prices and drive down the rate of wages. That they are suffered to survive is due mainly to the timorousness and powerlessness of the great mass of the shareholders in the limited companies of to-day. Very often, indeed, the inefficient director is possessed of a controlling interest in the concern, in which case the shareholders are literally powerless. Even if he is not, his incompetence is probably revealed only by the dwindling dividends paid to the luckless shareholders who are almost invariably disposed to accept the advice not to swop horses when crossing a stream. But the chances are that if they don't they will never get to the other side.

There is another and more general aspect of this matter. The elimination of the incompetent employer profoundly concerns not only the shareholders and the workmen but the public at large—the consumer. The higher the price of wheat the worse the land which is brought into cultivation. Similarly high prices for any given manufactured product will enable the inferior entrepreneur to survive. A reduction in price would probably—to the general advantage—squeeze him out of business.

This may sound a harsh philosophy for the small man ; if the small man is also an incompetent manager it is bound to be so.

If, however, he be competent he will find his job in the big concern, or will carry on where he is to his own satisfaction and that of the community. If he is not, the sooner he goes the better for all parties. Moreover, of this we may be assured, there is no possibility of arresting the development in the direction of mass production. One thing only can stop it: the lack of directors of sufficiently commanding personality and skill to govern and inspire the mammoth business. The head of such a concern needs to be, indeed, a prophet and a statesman, possessed of wide vision and deep knowledge of men, no less than intimate acquaintance with markets and machines.

Plainly, Mr. Ford has the gift of prophecy: he sees visions. As here:

'We have been looking so much at one another, at what one has and another lacks, that we have made a personal affair out of something which is too big for personalities. To be sure, human nature enters largely into our economic problem. Selfishness exists, and doubtless it colours all the competitive activities of life. If selfishness were the characteristic of any one class it might be easily dealt with, but it is in human fibre everywhere, and greed exists, and envy exists, and jealousy exists. But as the struggle for mere existence grows less—and it is less than it used to be, although the sense of uncertainty may have increased—we have the opportunity to release some of the finer motives. We think less of the frills of civilisation as we grow used to them. . . . Humanity is advancing out of its trinket-making stage, and industry is coming down to meet the world's needs, and thus we may expect further advancement towards that life which many now see, but which the present "good enough" stage hinders our attaining. . . . And we are growing out of this worship of material possessions. It is no longer a distinction to be rich . . . What we accumulate by way of useless surplus does us no honour. . . . But if one has visions of service . . . if one has a life ambition to make the industrial desert bloom like the rose . . . then one sees in large sums of money what the farmer sees in his seed-corn—the beginning of new and richer harvests whose benefits can no more be selfishly confined than can the sun's rays.'

And Mr. Ford is poet as well as prophet. He writes charmingly of birds, 'the best of companions'; and of human friends. Notably of one who like himself was a keen naturalist; who (also like himself) turned in later life philosopher. John Burroughs's 'philosophy was not so much a philosophy of nature, as it was

a natural philosophy—the long serene thoughts of a man who had lived in the tranquil spirit of the trees.’ The old friend passed away. ‘But there was no sadness in John Burroughs’s death. When the grain lies brown and ripe under the harvest sun, and the harvesters are busy binding it into sheaves, there is no sadness for the grain. It has ripened and has fulfilled its term, and so had John Burroughs. With him it was full ripeness and harvest, not decay. . . .’ There is a touch of real poetry here, as well as a rich fund of philosophy.

Space fails me in which to illustrate in fuller detail the philosophy of the factory and the philosophy of life as expounded by a remarkable man in a remarkable book. Fundamentally the whole structure rests upon the idea of the dignity and utility of service. Put the idea of service before the pursuit of profit, says our philosopher. True there is nothing inherently wrong about making a profit; but seek first the goal of service and these things shall be added unto you.

‘Without a profit, business cannot extend. . . . Well-conducted business enterprises cannot fail to return a profit, but profit must and inevitably will come as a reward for good service. It cannot be the basis—it must be the result of service. . . . To make the yield of the earth, in all its forms, large enough and dependable enough to serve as the basis for real life—the life which is more than eating and drinking—is the highest service. That is the real foundation for an economic system.’

A good deal has been heard lately of one particular criticism which is commonly urged against the practice if not the precepts of Fordism, and it would be disingenuous to conclude this article without a brief reference to it. The method of production adopted in the Ford factories is said to be ‘soul-destroying’; the repetitive processes are alleged to make men into mere machines. The matter is one of somewhat acute controversy among those who are specially concerned with the ‘Welfare’ movement in industry, and into that controversy I have no mind to enter in this place. There is no doubt substance in Lemontey’s oft-quoted aphorism: ‘It is a poor record of a man’s whole life never to have made more than the eighteenth part of a pin’; and Adam Smith who built the whole argument of his monumental treatise upon the principle of the division of labour admits that ‘the man whose whole life is spent in performing a few simple operations generally becomes as stupid and ignorant as it is possible for a human creature to become.’

But Adam Smith knew nothing of the mechanical processes of modern industry, still less could he have imagined the high wages or dreamt of the ample leisure which the perfection of those processes has brought within the reach of the mass of the manual workers. It may well be that the largely increased leisure—if wisely utilised—and the higher standard of comfort may more than balance the disadvantages of monotony; nor must we ignore the enlarged opportunities which the extreme subdivision of labour opens out to men and women of varying strength and capacity. The Ford workshops find appropriate jobs for the blind, the halt and the maimed. Yet Mr. Ford himself admits that the abolition of monotony is a matter of anxious concern to him, though he affirms that thus far the most thorough research 'has not brought out a single case of a man's mind being twisted or deadened' by the most monotonous task in the whole factory.

The question is, however, too large to be pursued at the fag end of the present article. I shall close on the note with which I started. As to the future of industry, and not least of British industry, I confess myself to be an optimist. I am not haunted by the fear either of 'foreign competition' or of permanent over-production. There is ample room for an improvement in the standard of comfort for untold millions of the human race. They are ready to absorb an unlimited supply of the good things of life. So long as that is the case it is futile to talk of over-production; the root of the evil is under-consumption. If the would-be consumers could themselves be converted into effective producers the demand for commodities of every kind would be stimulated to an almost unimaginable degree.

Mr. Henry Ford has gone further perhaps than any man of his generation towards solving, in one important sphere of industry, this problem of production. For that reason I have felt impelled to commend a study of his methods and still more a careful consideration of his philosophy of business to all who are concerned for the better organisation of industry or for the amelioration of social conditions. The ultimate prospect is, I repeat, hopeful; but on the immediate horizon the clouds are heavy and lowering. We shall attack the proximate problem, with better hope, we shall more readily make the sacrifices which are I fear unavoidable to-day, if there be a fair promise, that when the immediate crisis is past, enlarged opportunities await the survivors. Such a promise this philosopher of the workshop holds out.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

THE RED BIRD.

It was early in a fine September that Mrs. Dacre and Miss Corbett came to lodge at Steepways Farm, and the letter in which they engaged rooms spoke of their staying a week or two, 'perhaps longer, if we are comfortable.' At the end of the month they still were there and gave no sign of moving, and Mrs. Warnham, the farmer's wife, had discovered that that cautious phrase had really meant, 'If Mrs. Dacre settles down.'

The lady in question did not look restless, and Mrs. Warnham and her man agreed that she didn't act restless neither, but Miss Corbett before long confided to them that Steepways was the first place where her 'friend' had been content. This gentle, silent person, who never grumbled and whose favourite words were 'thank you,' had long, it seemed, been very difficult to please.

'Young society, gardening, travel—we've tried them all since her trouble,' said Miss Corbett; 'but she's never taken to anybody or anywhere till she came here. The family are delighted.'

Good Mrs. Warnham, who let rooms because her husband could not make the farm pay, saw nothing surprising in Mrs. Dacre's approval of Steepways, but someone less matter-of-fact might reasonably have inquired what were the attractions of the place for this particular lodger.

To begin with, Mrs. Dacre did not look country-bred; there was something about her tall elegant figure, her unpractical white hands and little shapely feet that was difficult to associate with ploughed fields and muddy lanes; she lacked the open-air complexion, the competent stride of the country-woman. She walked slowly, often stopping to rest, and though this deliberation was said to be due to an illness which had weakened her heart, one guessed that she had no love of strenuous exercise. Nor had she any interest in country things; with the exception of Dick and Susie, the eight-year-old Warnham twins, her absent gaze ignored the flora and fauna of Steepways. And Miss Corbett hinted that but for their flaxen polls the children too might have passed unnoticed; Mrs. Dacre's lost son, it seemed, had been fair and flaxen-haired.

Those deep-set grey eyes of hers had once been very lovely; charm and distinction lingered about her person as the scent of

the rose outlasts its colour. It was impossible to guess her age, for though her hair had turned white and her delicate, oval face was faded and stamped in every line with the wistful patience of those for whom life's banquet is over, she had not the ways of an elderly woman. Silent, and for the most part oblivious of her surroundings, she was an object of much baffled curiosity to the farm people, with whom her companion took care never to discuss her. Only to a discreet and hesitating question put by Mrs. Warnham, Miss Corbett whispered reassuringly, 'Oh! yes, *perfectly* harmless.'

No doubt the weather exercised its happy influence upon Mrs. Dacre; after a forlorn August summer had returned to southern England. The still, golden days had the glow and enchantment of July, yet with something contemplative in their radiance that the high summer lacks. In such weather one could forget the inner shortcomings of the farm-house, and the outer gained a new charm.

A long mellow building of the time of William and Mary, with a double row of prim oblong windows, it was in urgent need of repair; the high-pitched roof sagged ominously in the middle, the little white canopy over the door had a rakish, sideways tilt like the hat of an elderly beau. The small front garden was neglected in spite of its waist-high hedges of clipped box; in the no-man's-land at the back, fowls, ducks, cats and kits, with a dog or two, sparred and scrambled among tussocky grass and tumble-down sheds. But under the serene September heaven the old house looked comely in decay; there was dignity and richness of colour about the long red-brown face, bare except for a shock of brilliant scarlet creeper and a great pear tree that stood sentinel against one corner, and with its load of ripening fruit, green among deeper green, suggested a tree in a Mortlake tapestry.

Mrs. Dacre at least had no fault to find with the place. 'I consider,' she declared, 'that it has every modern improvement.'

Ah! but Mrs. Dacre's idea of modernity differed from that of other people, and it happened that she found at Steepways what all unconsciously she had been craving for. She needed just that which it gave her, ampler skies, a wider horizon than most landscapes afford, for her concern was not with earth but with the air.

Steepways Farm hides deep in the country, as remote from the stir of towns as any hermit could desire, but it is set on the top of a ridge that rises boldly out of a great marsh, and has the whole

width of mid-Kent at its feet. Below it stretch lonely, level miles of water-edged fields where in September the distant sheep show like little irresponsible tombstones among the yellowing grass, and the sparse hawthorns are clad in their lacquer-red armour. Far off the long line of the North Downs closes the view, and between them and the marsh lies folded a wooded country-side whose many church towers, hardly emerging above the surrounding green, you may count one by one as you gaze.

A homely landscape, silent as a picture, sober-tinted against the golden stubble of the ridge, its air of repose made final by the narrow, tree-shaded canal that cuts across the marsh, a relic, long since decayed, of the Napoleonic wars.

But Steepways commands a larger world than that of Kent; look southwards and there, beyond the encompassing marsh, pale above its border of pale sandhills, is the English Channel. So flat and quiet it lies with the tiny ships creeping along its face, to the outward eye an unromantic sea, but to the heart, and to that of Mrs. Dacre in particular, a focus of poignant emotion. For beyond it in clear weather the ghostly cliffs of France are visible, and all night long the winking light of Grisnez flashes on the darkness, and disappears, and flashes again. To her that narrow strip of sea was no mere highway, nor yet the guardian of our liberties, but the element, at once sundering and uniting, that lay between her and her son.

Perhaps if George, her only child, had come back after the war, or if the blow of his death had been swiftly dealt her, her soul that still lingered with him in the upper airs of Flanders would have returned to earth and been at rest. But many months had passed during which she knew only that he had been brought down in combat over the German lines and was missing, nor had she still any other certainty than that. And by the time hope had ceased to be possible, it had become an attitude from which her stricken mind could not unbend. The habit of expectation lingered in her, emptied of anguish and impatience but not utterly of suspense, that revived at times only to die away again.

Neither Miss Corbett, nor the doctors, nor Mrs. Dacre herself, knew how far she really believed that George was still alive; her love resisted all attempts to pry into its infirmity. Her hope was her life, the one thing left her; too dear, too timid, to face the bleak winds of common sense.

To a mind thus absorbed Steepways Farm was an ideal refuge.

Though she had become indifferent to events, Mrs. Dacre was sensitive to the atmosphere of places, and that of the old house both calmed and fed her longing. Ringed round with loneliness, and dreaming through the long days that passed to the hum of the threshing-machine and the wistful song of robins, it was not asleep but at gaze, like a watcher in a light-ship. Like her it looked towards Flanders and seemed to wait. At Steepways more than ever, past and present, war and peace, that had lost for her their sharp dividing lines, seemed to melt into one another; in sight of the French cliffs she felt herself nearer to George and to a struggle as timeless as the warfare of the Apocalypse.

Far from giving her a horror of the air, her interest in it had been tragically sealed by George's fate; wherever she had since wandered, in town or country, the sky had been to her no empty desert but a land of promise, because in her thoughts he was flying still, and it was by the air and no otherwise that he would return. But the sky under which she was now living, the great canopy that enfolded Steepways and the Channel and leaned down over France, had a far intenser significance for her than any she had watched before. This was his road home; across this very sea, cleaving just such soft bars of cloud he would at last come back to her. In secret she had begun to expect him daily.

She was not without excuse for her foible; the great red aeroplane which took its way so unfailingly over the farm was a recurring apparition that might well have impressed a stronger head than hers. Day by day throughout that golden month, as the clock neared half-past twelve it came, at first a mere humming speck travelling high above the sea, but growing apace on eye and ear till, majestically, with a sonorous roar that filled the air it swept over the roof and was gone. So low it flew as it passed that she could read the cryptic initials painted on the underside of its wings; so deliberately it seemed to seek the house, she could not resist the lure of the idea that it came because she lodged there!

The farm folk said in her hearing 'There goes the French mail!' and often though they had seen it already they too stared up spellbound till the red bird, as the Warnham children called the aeroplane, vanished Londonwards into the void. Mrs. Dacre would not listen to what their elders said about it, nor was she curious to discover its errand or the meaning of the letters on its wings; it came from France, and Dick and Susie had assured

her, 'It never flew so near before you was here,' and that was all she cared to know.

Fascinated though she was by its mysterious pertinacity, she could not bear to hear the aeroplane spoken of except by the twins; she was jealous of the grown-ups' interest in it, and if she had had sufficient courage would have forbidden them to stop work and watch it go by. Its passing was not for them; more and more, in the deep recesses of her heart, she saw in it a secret message to herself. And if it was indeed for herself alone, then it could come from one pilot only. Who else should guess that she was at Steepways and greet her thus but—George? George on duty, not free to land and speak to her, nor even to wave in answer to her fluttering handkerchief; but safe and well and mindful of her still.

Such a dream was too exquisite to bear the lightest touch; she hid it even from the children as one shuts away some frail marvel of iridescent glass. Yet she had begun to love Dick and Susie, and to talk to them sometimes about the red bird. They, too, watched for it as eagerly as she did, and their naïve delight in it exactly suited her own shy and trembling emotion. She was glad that to them it was nothing more than the prince of mechanical toys. She felt safe with them, so safe that at last, when no one was by, she ventured to ask them a burning question.

'Where could the red bird land if it came down close here?'

'Why! in the twenty-acre field,' said little Dick; 'Father says one came down there once in the war—but this 'un don't never stop.'

'And where is the twenty-acre field?'

Reproachful astonishment was clearly visible in two pairs of round blue eyes that there should be anyone who didn't know that.

'Just along—over there.' Dick pointed a stumpy forefinger towards the farther end of the ridge.

'I should like to see it,' she said.

'Why? Do you want 'un to come down?' asked Susie, who was sharp.

Mrs. Dacre hesitated and flushed.

'Yes,' she whispered, and then added quickly, 'But I'm not in a hurry, I can wait. . . . I'm used to waiting.'

After that she did not rest till she had found her way to the twenty-acre field and seen for herself that it was level and empty of sheaves. A long way from the farm it was, fully a mile and a

half, and she looked very white when she got back, and well deserved the cheery scolding with which Miss Corbett greeted her. But inwardly she was satisfied, because now she knew that he could safely land at any time.

Often Miss Corbett wondered whether to be glad or sorry that Mrs. Dacre's relations had chanced upon an abode for her which so strangely fostered her *idée fixe*. Though she knew nothing of her 'friend's' belief that George was piloting the mail, she had no doubt that the red bird was the source of Mrs. Dacre's unwonted serenity, the modern 'improvement' which more than outweighed the drawbacks of the farm. Was it wise to let her linger where the image of her son must daily be so poignantly renewed? Yet would it not be cruel to take her away from the place which had brought her this phantom happiness?

It added to Miss Corbett's dilemma that Mrs. Dacre, who was obstinate in a gentle way, had declared her intention of spending the rest of her days at the farm, and that she had grown a shade thinner and had less appetite than when she arrived there. The life-giving air of the ridge, that seemed to mingle the tang of the salt sea with the aromatic breath of the Downs, had had little effect upon her.

In truth, Mrs. Dacre had begun to feel the strain of waiting; her blissful moment tarried, and the joy of watching the red bird's flight had given way to unspeakable longing for it to settle. To-day, to-morrow, any day might bring her her boy, yet they succeeded one another in their halcyon sameness, and still he passed over. Her confidence in his coming did not falter, but it became very difficult to coax her away from her bedroom window, where from breakfast-time onwards she would sit looking out towards France, and waiting for the dark speck to appear far off and give to the vacant sky a fleeting glory and a soul. Even after it had passed she sat on, though now no longer appeased, but hungry and wistful. Patience may grow tense and still be patience, and she was too well inured to hope deferred, to complain. The price she paid for waiting had risen, that was all.

At last one cloudless day the aeroplane came an hour after its time; the mid-day meal was finished before it appeared, and Miss Corbett had gone to the nearest railway-station on urgent business of her own, leaving her 'friend' sitting on the seaward side of the house. Of course Mrs. Dacre was well aware of the unwonted

delay, but she did not choose to speak of it, and had taken a book out with her as though to show her detachment of mind. She was not exactly anxious on George's account, for she had a mother's confidence in his skill and resource; nevertheless she was on thorns till at length the machine became visible, and long before it reached the ridge her quick ear had detected a change in the throb of its engines. It passed for the first time at some distance from the farm, and while it was still large and loud in the air she saw it begin to describe a great curve, and realized with a sudden bound of the heart that it was slowly descending. George was coming to her at last.

There was but one place where he could land; in another moment she had thrown down her book and started to run to the twenty-acre field.

No one saw her go; Mrs. Warnham had gone to a neighbouring farm to sell some Leghorns, the twins were at school, Warnham and his carter at the plough. But everybody saw the descent of the red bird, and in a few minutes that lonely district was alive with hurrying people converging on the landing-place.

Some ran in the hope of finding the pilot dead, or at least gravely injured; others, less sensational or more experienced, declared that he was coming down much too gently to hurt himself. And all wanted to see and touch the great machine for themselves. By familiar short-cuts the country-folk scrambled towards the twenty-acre field, and so it happened that the only runner who took the longest way was the one most eager to arrive.

Mrs. Dacre knew no quicker way than the high road that lay like a spine along the ridge; it had seemed very long when she paid her private visit to the field, but now it was interminable. Half blind with agitation that only waited its hour to burst into joy, hatless in the hot sunshine, her hand pressed to her side, her thinly-shod feet wincing and stumbling, she ran.

At last she passed a gate in the hedge beside the road, and it flashed through her mind that the newly-ploughed field into which it opened lay next to her goal; by slanting across and slipping through a gap in the tall hawthorn hedge on the farther side, she would come straight to the spot where the aeroplane, sinking low, had vanished from sight. She opened the gate with her shaking hands, and as she did so the silence of the sky told her that the machine had landed.

A moment more and she was off again, leaving the gate wide

open, but in that short delay a change had come over her; her will and her body were no longer united; the one drove her forwards, the other had begun to falter. She made a gallant attempt to cross the heavy furrows, paused, staggered, and had just strength enough to reach the little bank under the nearest hedge before she collapsed, and sank down.

For a few instants she was utterly overborne by weakness; then her mind cleared and she realised that she was alone; no one knew she was there, there was no one to run ahead and tell George where to find her. She tried to call for help but her voice made no sound. In her extremity she put her hands to her face and prayed, her whole being tense and trembling in its passion like a flame, and it was with unutterable relief that, after what seemed a long time, she saw she had prevailed; a short figure in a blue cotton dress came through the gap in the hedge beyond which the red bird had descended. Mrs. Warnham, deserting her fowls, had joined the little knot of spectators; now having sufficiently stared and talked, she was hurrying home. She came half across the field before she discovered her lodger huddled on the grassy bank near the gate.

'Oh! Mrs. Dacre, what's happened to you?'

As she spoke she went closer, and saw with alarm the elder woman's drawn features and dishevelled hair.

'Are you ill, M'am?' she asked anxiously, bending down to her.

'I want him. . . . Fetch him quick. . . .' gasped Mrs. Dacre, releasing each word with an effort; as she spoke she pointed to the next field.

'Who, M'am?'

'The pilot. . . . You've seen him? . . .'

'That I have!' Mrs. Warnham tried to speak in a cheerful, commonplace tone. 'He's standing by the machine. Says this is the second time to-day that engine-trouble's brought him down. Whoever'd think they was such plaguey things! But he makes nothing of it. A tall, fine-looking young man he is.'

'And—*fair-haired*?'

'Flaxen, M'am, just like my two.'

'Oh! quick! . . .'

'Mrs. Dacre, my dear, how you're panting. Don't take on so. There, there! I'm going to get him.' The farmer's wife turned to run at her best speed towards the gap through which she had

come; she was frightened by more than the dreadful eagerness of her lodger. But before she had crossed the field she heard a faint cry, and, looking round, saw that Mrs. Dacre had raised herself up and was beckoning urgently. There was nothing for it but to run back to her.

'No! No! . . . I was wrong . . . I didn't mean it,' cried Mrs. Dacre; and the agony of her mind was written on her grey and haggard face. 'Don't bring him, if you love me don't bring him! . . . Another day . . . tell him I can wait.'

Though she bade her go, she caught with both hands at the messenger's skirt and held it tight.

Mrs. Warnham stood amazed before a revulsion of feeling to which she had no clue, which least of all George's mother herself could have explained.

Had she realised at long last that her boy would never come home? Did she distinguish in that supreme moment between the dream and the fact—and choose the dream? Between her and her heart's desire was but a hawthorn hedge, and the lad whom it hid was tall and fair. Yet she dared not behold him. Perhaps her courage failed her as she approached the sharp blade of reality; certain it is that the imminence of her joy had become a terror from which she shrank uncontrollably.

'Quick! . . . tell him . . . another day,' she entreated.

But the younger woman was too wise to obey; she dropped on her knees, and, throwing her arms round the failing, swaying body, held it close. 'You're too late, my dear; he's just off!' she said. 'Let me stay with you, I dursn't leave you alone.'

And so she remained, through what seemed to her a lifetime; no one came, no one heard her call, though the voices of the little crowd beyond the hedge were plainly audible; the aeroplane was making ready to start, and not a soul had wits for anything else.

Mrs. Dacre had resigned herself to the support of the strong young arms about her; her eyes had closed and she laboured for breath, but she did not speak again; the worst was over for her. He was going; she would not have to see him face to face.

And with her release from the terror of fulfilment the unattained, the unattainable dream, withdrawing gently, shone rainbow-like for her once more, lovelier far in remoteness and more desirable than when it hovered within reach of her arms. He was going; the air called him back as to a home, and she yielded him thankfully as though a sure instinct told her that to touch, to possess,

would be to lose him. Doubtless she had her own dim thoughts, and took to herself in some fashion the consolation of baffled love. 'Yet do not grieve,' she could say if she would, 'he cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss.' That which she had forgone was hers the more surely, and while her body fought its final battle, her spirit was content.

Meanwhile, amid the cheers of its admirers, the red bird took the air once more. So loud was the familiar drone of the engines as it sailed away into the distance, that it must have reached her ears that were fast growing deaf to the sounds of this world, for she smiled, and peace began to steal over her face.

She was perfectly quiet when at last Miss Corbett found her, and smiling still.

E. H. LIDDERDALE.

OPEN PATHS.

PICTURES OF WILD LIFE IN ENGLAND.

BY E. L. GRANT WATSON.

VIII.

October 4, Tenterden.—There is a singularly beautiful valley near this town called 'The Bottoms.' It is a long, narrow valley, leading down gradually from the upland plateau to The Marsh. On each side wooded hills slope steeply to the stream, which winds and twists through its own alluvial deposit. This alluvium forms the flat bottom of the valley, and is used chiefly for the growing of hops. There is one small field, however, shut in by woods on all sides, that is left as pasture. The pathway emerges from thick undergrowth, over a rickety plank bridge at one end of this field, and as soon as I come out from the shade of the chestnut saplings, cross the bridge and feel again the presence of the open sky, I am aware, at once and upon all occasions, of the mysterious charm which resides in this small, flat, green space, shut in, as it is, by the steep flanks of hills. To the right, where the incline is steepest, the woods are open. Oaks and beeches rooted well above the level of vision seem to reach very far towards the sky. Their naked trunks rise in faintly spiral columns and disperse themselves amongst tapering branches with a gesture of confidence and power. On the left there is a stream hidden beneath willows and alders. It has cut a bed six feet below the level of the ground. Between the stream on the left and the woods on the right there lies the narrow field.

How can I know where its particular and ever-present charm resides? Perhaps partly in the scores of rabbits that scamper to cover as I approach, perhaps in the windlessness of its sunken retreat. I only know that on autumn mornings it holds the mist longer than other places. White clouds float over the level grass and reach their vaporous fingers in among the trees, and not until the sun has been up and warm overhead for a long time do they dissolve. In winter the hoar-frost grows in longer crystals here than elsewhere, and in the spring there is a sense that here in particular there is richness of life. Birds make a great business amongst the branches. The squeakings of mice, the mingled songs

of birds, the chattering of tits, the rustling of rabbits bounding away in alarm and thumping as they reach the safety of their holes—these sounds all blend with the half-articulate, half-human language of the stream. In summer there is a sense of satisfaction, an ample greenness, which is content to pause and contemplate itself. The foliage is heavy upon the hills, the grass is thick and luxuriant or newly laid in swaths, there is a humming in the air of innumerable insect wings.

It is now autumn afternoon ; sunlight slants across the field, and falls, in broad and narrow shafts, into the open spaces in the woods. The air is still, and there is a sense of silence ; only occasionally does the grass move to a faint gust. There are numbers of scabious flowers, frail, mauve, half-hemispheres upon long necks, which hang poised above the brown tops of the grasses ; and there are thistles, rigid and upstanding, lifting their tightly massed blossoms six feet and more from the ground. The scabious flowers are by far the most numerous, and it is upon these that the butterflies cluster. There are red-admirals, tortoise-shells, and peacocks. They are fine newly emerged specimens, all members of the strong-winged Vanessa family. As I watch their flight, their flutterings, and their alightings, I perceive with what explosive passion the life spark within them is made manifest. Superficially and sentimentally they are, of course, gaudily coloured flying flowers, the conventional, gay butterflies ; but if one looks more intently there are other qualities, and among them something, I think, a little terrifying. They are ruthless, mechanical things, yet they are passionately alive. In their flight they are utterly wild, recklessly fierce, and yet fragile. If they were not so small, if they were larger than we are, they would be horrible to us, and it is strange that dragons have not been imagined as immense insects rather than as winged serpents. As I watch them fluttering about the flower-heads, about to alight, there is in my pleasure at these wild passionate lives a feeling of pain, almost of fear. And then, when they are alighted and are thrusting their curling and uncurling trunks into the spiky flowerets, they lie basking, with wings declined flat upon either side, absorbing the sunlight. In the sudden jerk and lift of their wings there is a quality so unhuman as to appear threatening to our consciousness.

Perhaps if I had not seen the butterflies of the Tropics, I would not see these characters in our homely admirals and peacocks.

I was in Levuka, the one-time capital of Fiji, when there was a plague of blue-and-black-winged papilios. *Papilio sarpedon*, I

think it was, a beautiful creature, the sort of butterfly that when displayed in a case would at once attract a child's attention and compel exclamations of admiration. There were hundreds of thousands of these butterflies everywhere. There was not a square yard but was pulsing with the lift and depression of their wings. I remember sitting in the veranda of the club and having fifty or so of these great insects walking about on my arms, body, and legs. They would have walked over face and hands too had not they been constantly brushed aside. And all the time they lifted and depressed their marvellous blue-and-black wings, and tested the texture of all that they touched with their black, divided tongues, which vibrantly coiled and uncoiled. From their sleek, scaled bodies they would emit claret-coloured drops, the same tint as the undersurface of their wings. One might sweep them away or destroy them with a fly-whisk, but others would come at once to replace them. There were hundreds of dead butterflies; it was impossible to walk without treading on them; and besides the dead there were the dying and broken, whom the ants were devouring while they yet lived. But the living were the most terrible sight. It was like some fever-dream, or a colour-dream produced by mescal-buds. I shall never forget the pulsing of their wings. I think every man, white man and native, *hated* them, and in that hatred there was an element of fear. They were of the substance of which bad thoughts were made, and when one shut one's eyes at night one would still see the pulsing of those metallic wings.

That nightmare of the Tropics is very far indeed from the peace and stillness of this English field, enclosed by woods. It was the butterflies that reminded me. Yet these peacocks, red-admirals, and tortoise-shells carry with their familiar patterns so many recollections of childhood, that for all the avid passion of their flight they have become half-tamed in our imaginations: gay and innocent flies. As I watch them, they cluster upon the swaying heads of the scabious, bending them earthwards; they open and close their wings; from the many facets of their large eyes they gaze as they move their heads up and down, and thrust their trunks deep into the flowers.

In the stillness of the afternoon sunshine much of the charm and intangible quality of the place is centred upon these fluttering heads of scabious. Both flowers and butterflies were thus in the far-away, early childhood of the race, and through them one reaches back to states when power was simpler of expression and sense perception more direct and innocent of doubt.

October 10, Tenterden.—I have been to the woods to get wild hyacinth bulbs to plant in my orchard. The ghostly remains of the flowers of last spring lie prone on the ground ; they are tender wisps of white stalk and white withered seed-pod. They break at the slightest touch ; yet they mark where the bulbs lie beneath, already swollen and ripe, waiting for the turn of the year.

In the open copses, where the larger trees have been felled, the soil is covered with a tangle of intertwining, interpenetrating herbs. Here are crane's-bill and violets, wild-strawberry and potentilla, seedling primroses and foxgloves, clumps of narrow-leaved iris and juncus, and, amongst them all, a network of roots spreading outward from hazel and whitebeam bushes. The trowel that I have brought is no very adequate weapon to deal with this rank growth of vegetation, and after half an hour's hard work I have not more than thirty or forty bulbs. I find them lying five or six inches under the surface ; they are smooth and cone-shaped, of a pearly appearance, and on the under-side of each there is a ring of short, succulent roots.

I have never before pictured, as I do now, these bulbs lying passively in their millions under the soil. They are patient and confident in their immobility, and the sudden vision of their pearly white shapes lying hidden and waiting comes with the pleasure of a thing newly discovered. Here in the brown, moist mould, under the roots of the surface plants, their lives are certainly unconscious of the risks of winter ; they are well adapted in their sunken retreat to withstand its rigours. They wait in confidence the summons of spring, and each one will know when the north pole of the world lifts toward the equinox, and later inclines inward toward the sun.

I notice one bulb in particular which is very round, and has a hollow where the young shoot is deeply sunk. Out of the hollow protrude the ends of two hairy legs. On looking closer I see other legs behind these, four pairs in all, bunched together and thrust forward, and at the base of the cavity the body of a spider. It is crouched there without movement, passive as the bulb that enfolds it. This spider is also waiting for the spring. Does she perhaps congratulate herself on having found so safe a retreat ? No, I think not ; for she also is unconscious. Wholly instinctive she hides and waits. Most probably she cannot tell the bulb from the surrounding earth ; she has found a protecting surface under which to shelter, that is sufficient. It should be sufficient for me also, but because man is partially conscious and is able to look

at things and to wonder, I regard these two lives, so different in character, yet so strangely associated, and question what part they play in the great cosmos of percept and concept. They are not without significance, but like the autumn sunshine and the sharp autumn air and the sweet smell of the upturned earth, they are part of the universal mystery. But for my trowel they would have lain together six inches under the soil till frost had hardened the earth and till the sun had thawed the frost, then in spring their close association would have been broken. Each life would have thrust upward towards the light and the air, they would have emerged in their separate ways, obeying the laws of their kind, each unaware of their winter companionship, eager only in serving, within their limitations, the universal spirit.

Deep within the wood, amongst the close growth of ash and chestnut saplings, the soil is bare, save for the white filamentous remnants of last summer's blue-bells. They lie like wisps of white hair over the brown earth. Under the autumn leaves, which still hang upon the branches, there is no vegetation, save here and there a green covering of moss and algae. There is a pungent smell of rabbits, and the ground is made uneven by multiplicity of their close-set burrows. This soft, light soil is ideally easy for excavation. Search for bulbs is here a different matter from digging in the open amidst the network of roots. The soil falls easily away, disclosing the bulbs in thick, white clusters.

October 25, Dungeness.—There is no road to Dungeness, but a railway runs out to the lighthouse at the far point. Trains go from Lydd at midday and at ten o'clock at night: these are the only services, and if the people from the fishing village of Dungeness or from the lighthouse want at other times to get into touch with the rest of mankind, they must needs walk along the rough foot-paths that wind and twist across the desert of stones. There is nothing but shingle here; it stretches in flat expanse all the way from Lydd to Dungeness, eastward to Littlestone, and westward to within a few miles of Rye. It is a miniature desert, left wild and uninhabited, peopled only by flocks of goats, by wild birds and, in the summer, by clouds of white butterflies.

Lydd must at one time have been a pleasant little village, typical of the villages of The Marsh. It has a beautiful church, large enough to hold three or four times its present population. A fair number of old houses, structures of red brick and tile, with massive chimneys and long, sloping roofs, lie retired behind garden walls. There are groups of elm trees, which grow in a most intimate

fashion in amongst the buildings, providing, in summer, shade and greenness. These are all things of the past. The modern adjuncts of the town are of a different character. The remains of a big military camp, rows upon rows of pinky-brown huts, large iron sheds, broken engines, broken machinery, broken railway lines, derelict engines of war of various sizes and in different stages of collapse, these lie scattered over the plain, suggesting a wilderness of desolation. There is little sign of active military life; only a few tired-looking khaki-clad figures wander about over the moss-grown shingle, and look, as no doubt they are, thoroughly bored and disgusted with their isolation. It would appear that the place was in process of evacuation, perhaps in a few years the huts will have been removed and the machinery alone will be left in black piles on the shingle, the remaining relics of the one-time famous artillery practice-ground, where, I am told, lyddite, named after the village, was tested and approved.

On my first visit I pushed a bicycle from Lydd to the fishing village at the east of the ness. It was not a great distance, only three or four miles, but a rough walk over what was, for most of the way, shifting shingle. The stunted bushes that are on the outskirts of Lydd get less and less as one goes seaward. These are thorns, willows, and elders, bent flat by the wind. Broom and gorse bushes lie like blankets covering the stones. Although there is little vegetation, there are a great number of birds. I have never seen larger flocks of finches, buntings, and sparrows. Yellowhammers are particularly common. Since there are so few bushes for them to sit on, most of these birds run about on the pebbles, and although they are not always noticeable at first glance, one has but to look intently at any area of ground to see that it is moving with birds.

The fishing village, and one hesitates to give it so fine-sounding a name, is a collection of odd-looking buildings, very ill-assorted in styles of architecture. Most of the houses are built of shingle and cement oblong blocks. They have an incongruous suburban look, with their narrow sash-windows, though they are small and squalid. Others are mere huts, made of old boats and of stretched canvas. They are, of course, without enclosure or garden of any kind, since they are built direct upon the shingle beach. About them wander goats, hens, and children. The children and most of the inhabitants wear under their boots special pieces of flat wood, about six inches broad by fourteen inches long, to enable them to walk more easily over the surrounding desert of stones. They

clatter along at a fine pace on these wooden boards, which reminded me a little of skis. Of course they are far shorter, but like skis they are slightly curved. They serve the same purpose, and enable their wearer to pass more easily over a yielding surface.

I talked with one group of children that I found close to the shore watching the struggles of two unfortunate guillemots, whose feathers had become clogged with mineral oil. They were not throwing stones, as I had expected, but seemed almost sympathetic in their attitude. There were always sea-birds, dead or dying, along the beach, they said. The oil killed hundreds of them. It spoilt the fishing too, and spoilt the nets. There used to be many more fishermen at the Ness, but now only a few remained. The oil had spoilt the fishing. These were clean, nice-looking children. There were three girls and two boys; they were poorly, almost raggedly dressed, and their faces, arms, and legs were tanned very dark by exposure to wind and sun. They looked supremely healthy, and were quite beautiful in their healthfulness. They seemed to me to have most distinctly a different quality from the children one meets inland. They were not in the least shy of a stranger, but talked readily and simply, telling me about the birds and about the ships that passed by. There were always plenty of ships to look at, warships sometimes, and very big ones—liners. . . . What had I come there for? To see the light? No . . . to see the birds and to look round. They could show me where the terns and the ring-plover nested if I came in the summer. I promised to come again. I liked these wild-looking, ragged children, whose sun-bleached hair was several shades lighter than the dark tan of their faces and arms.

On the occasion of another visit, I took the midday train which runs from Lydd to the lighthouse. I was interested to see that most of the population of Dungeness turned out to watch the arrival of the train. This was obviously the event of the day. There might perhaps be acquaintances on board with whom they could exchange news. I had seen the same thing in the gold-field town of West Australia, where there would be one train a day, or perhaps only two trains a week. All the population turned out to meet its arrival; it was a link with the world and with mankind. And these people of Dungeness, who lived well within a hundred miles of London, they also were shut off by a little desert of their own, a little desert of shingle and bare stones.

Outside the station there was a wooden path, two sleepers broad, which led to the lighthouse. There was no other trackway,

and since I did not possess a pair of the local footwear I had to trudge laboriously across the loose stones. It was my intention to walk to Rye, some ten or eleven miles distant. Here and there in patches there was a scant yellow and green vegetation, a kind of mossy grass. These patches gave a better foothold than the loose shingle. They seemed to run in much broken though definite lines, following the faint undulations of the land, growing upon the slightly raised, parallel ridges, leaving the intervening hollows bare.

This was a strange scene, and seemed an unlikely spot to find in the south counties. On the left a steep bank of shingle led down to the sea, and on the right a flat and empty plain stretching inland to where Lydd church stood up against the distant horizon. The only signs of life were a few gulls hovering over the sea, and on the plain a flock of brown goats. What they could find to eat must have been little enough.

It was heavy walking, and I began to be a little afraid of a ten-mile trudge over loose stones. Certainly the patches of mossy grass helped me forward a little; unfortunately, the ridges that they followed did not run in the right direction, but always led obliquely to the shore, where the walking was even worse than farther inland.

After three miles of pretty hard progress, it was a delight to find a grass-clad dyke, about six feet in width, which led in a straight line across the plain, westward, presumably towards Rye. It was artificial and was made of clay, which must at some time have been dumped down upon the shingle. Why it had been made I do not know. It ended abruptly in the middle of that wilderness, and could serve no purpose that I could imagine. It made, however, a very good footpath, and since it was raised a few feet above the level of the plain I had a fine view of the strange country through which it led.

It was a devastated war area: an old artillery practice-ground. There were broken shell-cases lying about in heaps. There were shell-holes of various sizes filled with water, and there were the most strange buildings and wrecks of buildings. Concrete forts raised battlemented contours against the sky. Most of these had suffered from severe bombardment. Some were reduced to mere heaps of rubbish, others were quite stately in their ruin, the concrete blocks grotesquely tumbled and piled against one another. There was the wreck of a huge wooden building, there were steel-plated screens torn and twisted by shell-fire, and farther inland

there were other buildings of odd and extravagant shapes, which altogether baffled the civilian imagination. Three were rusted railway lines with complicated branch systems, ending abruptly amidst that wilderness of stones.

The country changed a little in character, being interspersed with areas of mud and some large fresh-water lakes. I was reminded of the plain over which Childe Roland wandered in search of The Dark Tower. 'Its grass grew scant as hair in leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the mud' . . . and instead of the 'one stiff, blind horse, his every bone astare . . . thrust out past service from the devil's stud,' there were the rusted iron screens, shell-twisted and torn, looking like giant phantasmagorical cattle browsing amidst the desolation.

Yet there was beauty here as well as grotesqueness. Water is nearly always beautiful, and the fresh-water lakes were filled with reflections from the evening sky. In some the water was clear and deep; the steep banks of shingle leading straight down to blue depths. In others it was shallow amidst chocolate-coloured mud. There were a large number of lakes and ponds of different sizes, and here and there grew clumps of reeds about and amongst them. Of course there were birds. Flocks of dotterel and ring-plover rose as I approached, fluttering in sweeping spirals, keeping their characteristic formation, and then alighting again farther off. Upon the broken battlements of some of the forts scoter duck stood like sentinels silhouetted against the sky. The sun was setting, and in the fading light the broad bands of stones, between the lakes and the dark mud, gleamed with a marvellous whiteness, a marvellous blueness in whiteness, as if they themselves were a source of light.

A little way beyond the lakes and the old forts was the sea, and dipping beyond the sea the setting sun; north, east, and west was the stony plain extending far away into the twilight. The coldness of the evening air brought with it a sense of desolation, of loneliness. It seemed as if man would never visit this place any more. He had used this piece of earth once for some violent and grotesque charade, and had now forgotten it. It was like the portion of a battle-field in which all the men who had once moved there were dead.

October 25, Tenterden.—Just as in autumn there are more birds than in spring, as a result of the year's increase, so are there now a maximum number of mice, short-tailed and long-tailed field-mice and shrews, in the banks and hedges. The cold months of

winter will no doubt account for many of these, but the families of this year are numerous and more or less intact. One has but to stand silent in any copse, or in any place where there is undergrowth, and one will see these timid, quick-moving creatures run in and out among the leaves; one can hear too their sharp, faint squeakings. I described these little creatures as timid, and so they appear at first, but on closer acquaintanceship that no longer seems the right adjective—they are bold and most daring.

It is not generally known how very easy it is to tame the short-tailed or long-tailed field-mouse. Shrews are of a different nature, and I have not found them to be so trusting. The true field-mice may be said to be almost tame in their natural state. I remember when I first caught a short-tailed field-mouse. I was about fourteen at the time, and with a party of other boys was hay-making. I saw the mouse run under a swathe of hay, and grabbed it. I held it in my hand for a few moments, and, noticing that it showed no signs of fear, I put it upon the palm of my other hand and offered it bits of biscuit that I had in my pocket. It made no attempt to run away, but picked up the biscuit in its fore-paws and began to nibble. Later it ran along my arm, seemingly quite at its ease, and not till some minutes had passed did it leap back into the hay.

This, my first acquaintance with a field-mouse, led to other friendships. I used to run out in the fifteen minutes' break between schools to a sunken, ivy-covered bank that I knew of. I would sit quite motionless and squeak, and, after a little, the mice would come out from their hiding. They learnt very soon to run into my pockets and up my sleeves and all over me in quest of fragments of school biscuits.

The art of squeaking like a mouse in such a way as to be able to evoke an answer is not quite so easy as one might imagine, but the art once acquired will usually bring a response. To-day I got a different response from the usual. I heard a rustling amongst leaves, stood still and squeaked. After a moment a weasel appeared. He was very alert, and seemed to bristle with excited vitality. He looked at me, ran out into the open a short distance, showed his teeth and chattered. I squeaked again. He ran round, arched his back, darted with amazing speed into the hedge and darted out again. I continued squeaking, and for several minutes the weasel ran about, sometimes within a foot of my boot, looking for that audacious, squeaking mouse that was not there.

THE STORY OF SEAN O'CONOR, I.R.B.

BY HIMSELF.

FOREWORD.

FOR obvious reasons the contributor of this paper cannot publish his name, which in itself would guarantee the value of the narrative. The incidents here related in the first person were given to the writer as the exploits of the gunman who figures under the appellation of Sean O'Connor. Most of them can be recognised as actual happenings in the campaign of general destruction, and the details of the love story are filled in by the imagination; the history of the woman's life rests upon events that really took place. Some day, perhaps, romance may draw upon these wild and terrible doings for its imaginative thrills; but one man's romance too often means other men's suffering. What was life like in Ireland while these things were doing—Ireland unhappier even in her friends than in her enemies? Under the name of patriotism the inhumanity of man to men was rampant. The leaders organised the savagery latent in their chosen tools—the savage's lust of gleeful destruction, the savage's joy in stalking his human game under the fair form of civil peace. Almost they persuade us to adopt Dr. Johnson's definition of 'patriotism.'

Had this type of man no scruples? Yes, we learn that he scrupled to shoot a woman in cold blood, and retired to a discreet distance while a less delicate superior carried out the objectionable order. He refrained from finishing off a wounded officer who was not a specified victim, and from deliberately butchering unarmed civilians. In the finer distinctions of murder he was not, thank Heaven, as other gunmen, the 'brutes.'

Ireland has driven him out, and Chicago holds him now. There, no doubt, just as the witness in a recent insurance case boasted of having burnt to the ground a fine Irish mansion 'by order,' the escaped gunman glories in his frolic reminiscence of blood and fire.—ED.

I was born in Chicago of Irish parents who had emigrated from Mayo and settled in that city. They were workers in the great

hive of industry, and I was brought up as a mechanic in one of the many workshops. My pals were all Irish, and as my father had been a member of one of the many Irish societies I was in early life made a member also ; we were, I think, called 'Knights of Hibernia.'

By degrees, and almost insensibly, I drifted into the ranks of one of the more active and secret societies which now rapidly sprang up. I became a member of the I.R.B. and at first hardly realised the extent of our influence and the ramifications of that body. I was sworn in as an active member.

In the spring of 1916 I was ordered to leave Chicago and proceed to Dublin, which I reached about the end of February. I arrived at Queenstown, and as this was my first view of my native land, I was much excited. As I landed, a man made our secret sign, and I followed him to a house in Queenstown. A committee was sitting and I was introduced. I was then given directions as to my future course of procedure, after which I left by train for Dublin. I naturally took a deep interest in all I saw and heard, and my journey through the old land was full of excitement. I marvelled at the small fields, the grey-blue hills, the brown bogs ; the lazy happy-go-lucky atmosphere impressed me deeply after the stir and virility of Chicago.

As I stepped out of the train at Kingsbridge, a young and pretty girl came up to me, made our sign of recognition, and held out her hand in welcome. For the first time I looked into the grey eyes of Mary O'Moore and felt that I wanted to see them again and again. We called a jarvey, and I had my first drive on an outside car. The streets of 'dear dirty Dublin' were full of British soldiers, whom I now saw for the first time, and realised that they were to be my enemies for many a long day to come.

We drove to Mary's house where I was to lodge. A kindly word from her father and mother greeted me, but I soon learned that the old people were not enamoured of our revolutionary schemes, though they undoubtedly knew all about them. Mary was, I found, high up in the brotherhood, belonging to *Cumann na mBan* and much trusted by the leaders. I was taken to a house where arms and ammunition were stored, and where several influential members held meetings.

I soon discovered that stirring times were ahead of us, and got to work on my part of the job. I was to lead a section of young fellows who were novices at our work, and I was ordered to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the streets of Dublin, its

innumerable alleys and all its by-streets. I had to learn where the British troops were quartered, the names of the regiments, the appearance of the staff officers, and the whereabouts of police and auxiliaries. It was interesting work, and bore good fruit later on. The rebellion was to break out about Easter, so there was little time to spare in making myself map-perfect.

Easter arrived, and all preparations were made, arms issued, and in some cases uniforms. I was to work in civilian dress, but fully armed, and we had a machine gun in our section which I had learnt to use with skill. My district, or fighting area, was round Stephen's Green, Harcourt Street, and the adjoining streets and squares. At a given signal the rebellion began; we fired from doorways at unsuspecting soldiers, and even at civilians if they looked hostile. The troops were evidently taken by surprise, and for a time there was no return fire. Then the fun began. Regiments came up and opened an attack against us, but we succeeded in holding Stephen's Green and I rushed my party into the Shelbourne Hotel and got them on to the roof, whence we sniped the Tommies with good will. I need not go into details of the fighting as the papers gave a full account of all that happened, and I desire only to give my own personal experiences. We held the Shelbourne all that night and most of the next day, but I received orders to leave the following night and to take up a position in houses on the road to Ballsbridge. This I succeeded in doing, and we settled down—with a good many others who had joined us—in some houses on that road. The next day we heard that reinforcements were coming from Kingstown for the British, and were told to make their arrival uncomfortable. About 200 of us held houses on each side of the road. About midday our scouts on bicycles—Mary heading them—announced the arrival of a regiment—the Sherwood Foresters, I think. They came on like sheep to the slaughter, no advance guard, no flankers, simply a solid regiment marching along. We allowed them to get well in between our two parties and then opened fire. Though enemies, I was sorry for them caught in such a trap, and they suffered badly, many officers being killed (we had special orders to shoot officers). The regiment tried to retaliate, but they were slow in opening fire, and by the time they really began to fight we had left by the backs of the houses and were scattered in other streets in Dublin, our arms having been hidden in gardens or handed over to women for safe keeping.

The women were splendid, always ready to help. That afternoon Mary and I walked arm-in-arm into Stephen's Green to hear the news, Mary with a revolver hidden in her clothing in case of trouble. We were often stopped by police and soldiers, and questioned, but our answers were satisfactory—I was a mechanic engaged in a factory (which was the case) and Mary was my fiancée, which was not then true, but I hoped that it might be so some day.

The rebellion went on till at last the Government got the upper hand. Executions followed, and we were ordered to scatter. I was sent to the north to organise trouble there. I joined a factory near the border as a mechanic, but every week one or two nights were devoted to raids on farmers' houses, ambushes, and murders of specials and others. There were about 200 of us in the district, and we kept it alive. I do not propose to give dates in this narrative as they might lead to discoveries which might even now have unpleasant results. I simply tell what happened to me and my companions.

We were very successful in the north, and though sometimes we had to do dirty work it was always the enemy who suffered. Round Caledon—a hotbed of Orangemen—we kept the ball rolling and got rid of many of these fanatics. Twenty of us were ordered to attack a small village of nothing but Orangemen, and were very successful. We surrounded it in the early morning before dawn, and put a light to the nearest houses. Out they came like bees, some armed, some without any weapon. We started our machine gun, and they rolled over like rabbits. Unluckily, some of the women and children got mixed up in the fight and were knocked over. I always hated seeing a woman or a child fall, but after all they were the spawn of the devil and were better out of the way.

This last exploit caused a great commotion; troops came from England, and the whole district became unhealthy for us and ours. We left in twos and threes for Donegal, and there we had a really good time, the country wild and easily worked in, as at first the local labourers gave us guides and assistance. Trains were held up, Protestants' houses raided and burned, and we lived on the fat of the land, as we looted all Protestant shops in the village and took possession of sheep and bullocks as required. We were now quite 500 strong, under very astute leaders. It was a very pleasant life, and I got some good fishing and shooting, especially some really good stalking in a great deer park near one of the castles we occupied. I always look back to Donegal with intense pleasure,

especially as Mary and some of her women workers had joined us and taken charge of the housekeeping departments. We spent many days, when not on active service, in rowing about the lovely lake near the castle, catching salmon and trout, thus adding to the pot and general commissariat. It was by far the best time I spent in Ireland, and I would like, even now, to go back and see it all once more.

After nearly nine months in Donegal I was ordered back to Dublin, and then began what I always looked upon as the only unpleasant time in my sojourn in Ireland. It had been discovered that there were many intelligence officers of the British Government resident in Dublin; their execution was ordained, and among those selected for the work I was unluckily chosen. It was dirty work, but had to be done, for if one hesitated or failed one was most likely to be found on the roadside with one's corpse decorated with the words 'Traitor I.R.A.' There were wheels within wheels, and one never knew who the real leaders were, but the discipline was iron. The two officers it was my duty to kill were well known to the women's section, and a filthy old hag was deputed to instruct me as to their appearance and place of abode. For a few days she and I, dressed as beggars, frequented their district and watched their movements. I and two others were to do the job, I acting as leader. We selected an early morning in November. The house was in a suburb; my two colleagues went to the garden in the rear and I knocked at the door. A maid opened it, and I dashed past her upstairs to the room where I had been told my victim lived. I burst open the door of the bedroom where the wretched man was in bed with his wife. He sprang up and tried to reach for his revolver, but I was too quick for him. I fired two shots and saw him fall, while his wife tried to get between us. I rushed down the stairs, out at a back window, into the garden and over the wall, while my colleagues fired into the house. We reached a back lane in safety, separated, and walked quietly back to our respective lodgings. No one was the wiser, and one more British officer had met his doom.

My next job was more risky as we learnt that two or more officers lived in the same house. They were carefully located and all surroundings noted. On this occasion there were five of us, and the plan was as follows. We were to surround the house, which also had a back garden; I was to call as before with one other man, both wearing constabulary uniform. We were to say we had

come with information. As soon as the two or three appeared we were to open fire, while our colleagues were to open fire on the back premises.

All went well. We rang and were at once admitted. The two officers came down to their sitting-room, and we stood at attention as they entered the room; as our hands went down our revolvers were fired. One was killed on the spot, the other only wounded. Lying on the ground, he drew his six-shooter, fired at my pal, and hit him in the arm. We dashed to the door, knocking down the maid, opened the hall door and walked slowly down the street. At the same moment our colleagues fired on the back of the house, and we ran down the street, calling out to several soldiers and civilians we met that No. — was being attacked by the I.R.A. Our police uniform completely hoodwinked the passers-by, and we dashed down the laneway that led to the rear. The others had bolted after the shots were fired, and all we could see were their footprints in the mould, and the broken windows. Mingling with the crowd, we quietly worked our way free of the people who had assembled in good numbers, walked slowly away, and returned to our 'diggings.'

The wounded officer said he could recognise both murderers, and after a little time to allow matters to settle down we were ordered to Mayo, which was known to be a favoured locality for the I.R.A. with many staunch adherents within its borders. I got there safely, and was established with about twenty others in a lodge looking on to the high road from Mulranny to Belmullet. It was a lonely spot on the edge of a huge bog which stretched for miles on all sides, with the Nephin Mountains in the distance. It was an ideal spot for us as we could see out on all sides and retire on the mountains if necessary. The natives were friendly and kept us well advised of all that went on. We did a good bit of raiding and looting while in Mayo, but as Protestants were scarce and the distances very great, we did really very little harm. In one way we helped the cause, as we convinced those natives who were lukewarm or neutral that our leaders were the true champions of Ireland and her rights, and we denounced all half-and-half Nationalists. We were well supplied, therefore, by the people of the district, and whenever police or soldiers appeared we were up and away in the recesses of Nephin. Still, it was rather a dull life, and I think I should have gone to Chicago with pleasure if I could have got there with safety, but I knew well, as did all of us, that

once enrolled in the I.R.B., we had no hope of safety unless we obeyed orders implicitly. We knew also that though we might reach Chicago, the long arm of the Society would find us and deal with us as surely there as in the wildest bogs of Ireland or in the ravines and crags of her mountains. We were merely pawns in the game and would be sacrificed when required. There was nothing to be done but to obey.

After about four months in Mayo our leaders apparently thought the time had come to change our place of residence. Cork was a great centre of I.R.B. activity, but was tightly held by the British forces and police; we were to make a diversion and prove our patriotism. We left Mayo on bicycles and worked our way from farmhouse to farmhouse through Clare and Limerick. The women's section had agents everywhere, and as we passed along the road a girl cyclist would meet us, exchange the sign, and indicate such-and-such a house as a quiet and hospitable shelter for the night. The women, or rather girls, were invaluable.

My objective was Kanturk, a pretty hot spot and full of police and soldiers. I arrived safely and took up work as labourer to a wealthy and friendly farmer. I was to await instructions. A month passed, and no news came. Then, to my astonishment, I met Mary in the streets of Kanturk, and I felt that business was imminent. I rejoiced to see her dear face again, and felt that she too was glad to see me. We walked back to my temporary home and discussed all that had occurred since our parting.

'Sean,' said Mary, 'I have news for you of a big job on hand. The bosses have selected you as you have done so well up to now, and have given you a company in this district to work with. You will get their names on this list and call them together when ready for instructions.'

I looked over the list and found that most were locals, men of Newmarket, Millstreet, etc., a wild crowd, with one or two Yankee gunmen to leaven the lot. My American pals were already in Kanturk, and we knew each other from passing the sign. I called our lot together, meeting at night in the old castle of Liscarroll. We arranged all our proceedings and then separated, waiting for orders. Mary stayed on in Kanturk, and life to me was very pleasant. We had many dances in the neighbouring farmhouses, and we used every now and then to start the military on some bogus hunt after rebels. Tommy is a good sort of creature when unmolested, and very guileless, so they were easily taken in. One

day Mary went in apparently great distress to the captain of the company at Kanturk and said her lover had been kidnapped by the rebels and carried off into the mountains beyond Newmarket, where she was sure he was held in prison by a large band who might all be captured at once.

The captain fell into the trap, and Mary offered to act as guide. The party started off, and Mary, who was strong as a horse, led them over bogs and mountains until, just at nightfall, she said they were close to the rendezvous. The company took open order, surrounding the four or five cabins that formed the hamlet in the mountains, advanced with great precaution, with loaded rifles and a machine gun in readiness. There was complete silence as they moved on; the cabins were reached—not a sound, not a sign of man or woman. The captain and sergeants lit their electric torches and began to search house by house—still no one. But in the last cabin there were sounds as if people were inside; the captain, revolver in hand, pushed open the door and saw in front of him a large white pig labelled 'An English omadhaun Sassenach.'

Mary had disappeared, and the wearied men returned to Kanturk after hours of tramping and losing their way in the mountains. Kanturk had seen the last of Mary, and I was left lamenting for the time being.

At long last orders came to me, and it was undoubtedly a feather in my cap to be selected for this particular work. It was no less than the arrangement of an ambush and destruction of a General who had made himself obnoxious in that particular district. I made all inquiries about him, and the girl spies were told off to watch his comings and goings, and also his plans, and warn us beforehand of his movements. One (a very pretty flapper) was to captivate his batman or any soldier likely to have information, at the neighbouring garrison town. The job was an easy one; the girl pretty, Tommy unsuspecting and always fond of a petticoat; a few walks in the evening, a few kisses modestly permitted, and an acquaintance was made and soon ripened. The news of the barracks was transmitted to us by the girl's sister, so we were up to every move that was likely to occur in the opposite camp.

At last the day arrived. Word reached me that on the following day the General would motor to Kanturk from the garrison town at a certain hour in the afternoon. It was supposed he would have a motor escort, but it was possible, as he was a brave man, that he would only have his A.D.C. We called in our levies and

selected an excellent place for an ambush. Both sides of the road were lined by our men, and I had cut a deep trench in the road between our forces, put a few bushes in it, and covered it roughly with gravel. It was not easy to see and was a certain stoppage to any motor. Time was just up when we saw a big motor coming along, the light shining on a gold-rimmed cap. There was no escort; the General had taken his chances and was driving to his doom. The chauffeur saw the trench just as he reached it and crammed on his brakes, but the front wheels just fell over the edge and the motor stopped. We opened fire on both sides, and the unfortunate General fell forward dead, shot through the brain. The chauffeur was badly wounded, and collapsed. The A.D.C., a plucky young fellow, jumped out and returned our fire, but he was soon hit—luckily only slightly—and fell into the dyke. The two Yanks were all for finishing him off, for, as they say out West, 'the only good Indian is a dead Indian.' Thus these two brutes—for brutes they were, real American gunmen and highly paid—were of the opinion that a dead Britisher was the only good Britisher. I said 'No'—we had obeyed orders, and I would not sacrifice any more lives. We had a heated argument, but my men backed me up and we left that place of murder. I heard afterwards that the General was not only a brave man but well-disposed to Ireland, and that he was really a great loss as a fine soldier and friendly to the country. But orders were orders, and I had, at any rate, saved the life of the A.D.C.

What became of the two gunmen I will tell now. There was a large camp near Kanturk, and we were ordered to try to get rid of the commandant, a certain Colonel H., who was making himself very obnoxious in the district. It was known that he went often from the camp to Kilmallock and back, so we engineered a very good ambush outside Charleville. It was getting on to dusk when he came along, luckily with no escort. We had placed two milk-carts in the roadway and dug a deep trench just beyond them. His driver charged the milk-carts and scattered them like chaff, but the trench was too broad and deep, and the motor car stuck with the two front wheels rising up on the further bank. We opened fire, twenty on one side and twenty on the other. Colonel H. jumped out and began blazing away with his revolver. He was a good shot, and seeing the two gunmen apparently directing operations, he fired at them, killing one on the spot and seriously wounding the other. I kept on firing, but my men were young

and, seeing the two Yankees fall, decided to clear out. I did all I could to stop them, but it was no use; they were off, and I had to go with them. The Colonel was unscathed, but how we missed him is a mystery still, as he and we were quite close together. He was a very brave man, and I confess I was glad he escaped. The chauffeur was slightly wounded in the arm, but they both got back to camp in safety. He stayed on for a year or so after this, and made himself popular with all classes. If there had been many like him, I think the war would have ended sooner than it did.

I was still ordered to keep that district up to the mark, and we watched the camp and its surroundings for many months, bagging a few soldiers and police by means of ambushes, breaking bridges, felling trees, and making ourselves generally unpleasant. It was rather dull work, and my quarters up in the mountains none too comfortable. We raided some of the near houses for arms, and had one or two good skirmishes in the district. I was eventually detailed for service in South Cork, and had an exciting but unpleasant time. We were quartered near B——n, which was held in force by the British. On one occasion—always a most unhappy memory to me—I was ordered with ten others to raid the house of an elderly lady near B——n, and if anything incriminating was found, to inform my leaders and await further instructions. We surrounded the house, found the lady, her chauffeur and other servants at home. The chauffeur was an Orangeman, and a bitter opponent. We searched the house, finding many papers of a serious nature, and we decided to kidnap the lady and chauffeur. We carried them off to a lonely house in the hills, and I then left for headquarters. To my dismay, I was ordered to return and execute the pair. I pleaded hard for the old lady's life, but with no avail. The leader in that district—S. H.—was a brute without a spark of humanity, and I returned feeling utterly miserable. I had never killed a woman in cold blood, and swore to myself that I would not do it then. I gave the orders I had received to the men who guarded the prisoners, and left at once for another part of the district. I heard afterwards that even these men refused to do such dirty work, and S. H. had to come himself with his hirelings and carry out the accursed business. I began to feel that no cause, however patriotic, could prosper when such deeds were perpetrated.

I remained quiet for some time, but was again recalled to work, and, in order to make good after my late refusal to obey my leaders, I was told to put to death a young officer who was known to have

given information to the authorities. This also was a mean job, but there was a prospect of his putting up a fight as he was known to be a brave man. We surrounded the house, and two of us went into the yard. He saw us and ran to his workshop, hoping to get some weapon to defend himself. My pal fired, and the poor fellow fell dead at his own door. We bolted into the woods round the house and found our way back to our destination. The man who shot him was soon afterwards killed in a fight which occurred in the vicinity ; I must say I was much relieved to think I had done my duty, but had not committed murder, had not taken the life of one I looked upon as innocent.

Life was very exciting in South Cork in those days of continual fights and ambushes. The Black and Tans were now turned loose in Ireland, and a very rough crowd they were, but good fighters. We had many a hard set-to with them round Bandon, Courtmacsherry, Dunmanway and other places, and we generally got the best of it, as they were very rash, and had often taken more drink than was good for them. We kidnapped many people, and some were killed by orders of S. H., but I utterly refused to kill any unarmed civilian ; I was quite ready for a fair fight with soldiers or police, but I would not kill a man, soldier or policeman by firing into his back. This decision of mine brought upon me the dislike of S. H., and as district leader he had the right to request my departure from his area.

The Dublin Council ordered my return, and I left for that city, glad to be quit of this brute. On arrival in Dublin, I was called before a Committee of the Council. I justified my actions, and was ordered to go to England and help there with those who were collecting ammunition and destroying any buildings that were likely to be of service to the enemy. This work was much more in my line ; there were no murders, and only small fights with the English police whenever we attempted destruction of any particular building.

While on this service I got into touch with an American-German who was in Liverpool on our business. He was a purveyor of arms, machine guns, ammunition, etc. ; a shrewd, money-making scoundrel, and full of resource. He asked me to go to Hamburg with him, and I requested leave, which was granted. We made our journey over as steerage passengers in an old tramp steamer that was going across, and had a very narrow escape from capture, as the river police boarded the vessel, and we had to lie hidden

among the coals for nearly an hour. The captain was in the job with the German, so that we got to Hamburg safely.

I liked Hamburg, and was civilly treated by the Germans, who naturally hated England and Englishmen, and were only too ready to arm or assist the Irish in any way they could. My partner soon got together a good lot of ammunition and arms and, having loaded up the tramp with other cargo as well, we left Hamburg for the south or west of Ireland. After some discussion it was decided to run for Sligo, declaring our cargo as glass, china, food-stuffs, etc. Twice we were overhauled by cruisers, and the vessel searched, but as she had a false bottom, nothing was found to entail arrest or any other trouble. My pal and I were now part of the crew, with strong Yankee accents, and we easily passed muster as our papers were in order from Hamburg. Our crafty captain headed for Sligo, but as we passed the mouth of Blacksod Bay he slipped in between Achill and The Mullet, and ran up under the lee of that peninsula. Signals were exchanged with those on land, and boats ran out at night and took in all our arms and ammunition, landing them, I suppose, in Mayo.

Our clandestine cargo disposed of, we ran into Sligo, sold some of the other stuff, and worked our way back to Liverpool. I was informed by the German-Yankee that he had been running stuff for some years like this, and never lost even a revolver. Probably he is at it still, as the English seem to be unable to take a grip of such dodgy doings; they are too open and above-board themselves to catch the many scoundrels who are working quietly to destroy the British Empire.

I enjoyed this seafaring life very much, and went on two more cruises before I was ordered back to Ireland. Much had occurred since I had left. The Treaty had been signed in London, and the troops were beginning to leave the country; the police were to be disbanded, and the Free State was to take up Government. I thought all was over, and was hoping I might go home in peace, taking, I trusted, Mary with me. But de Valera and Childers, and many others working with the Inner Section of the I.R.B., decided that no Free State Government was to be tolerated, and that an Irish Republic was to be created and run from America by the I.R.B.

I joined up with many others, and our orders were to frustrate in any way we could the Free State organisers. The campaign was to be carried on in Limerick, Tipperary, Cork and Kerry, with offshoots in Mayo, Sligo, and on the whole borderland of Ulster.

We numbered about three thousand in all, mostly young men and boys, with, of course, the women assisting as much as possible. The work was very exciting, and though we disliked the idea of fighting with our fellow-countrymen, we fell to and inflicted heavy losses on them. Roads were everywhere trenched, bridges blown up, mansions raided and burnt, and day after day we achieved success. I was present at the destruction of the railway bridge over the Blackwater, and we lived for a long time in Mitchellstown Castle, which we burned down upon evacuation. We were often surrounded by the Free State troops, but succeeded in escaping by hiding our arms and taking to work in the fields, then, when our foes had gone, taking up arms again and gathering our forces in another area.

Along the northern border we had constant fights with the special constables and British troops, and at Pettigo and other places had quite good skirmishes. I cycled or motored from one place to another, and was so successful in leading our men that I was given a brigade and became a brigadier. I saw de Valera and Childers—who was the guiding spirit of the campaign—pretty often, and was complimented by the latter on my work. This campaign lasted all through the summer, and with occasional visits to Dublin, where I met Mary often, I had an enjoyable time.

In Limerick there was really stiff fighting; we put up good resistance as the Free Staters tried to drive us back into Cork and Kerry. At Bruree and Kilmallock we were very successful, and by cutting the railway, prevented the Free Staters from concentrating at any given point. By degrees, however, they pushed us out of Limerick and Tipperary, and we fell back on Waterford, where we were pounded by artillery and forced back on Kilmeadan and the Fermoy line. There I hoped we should make a stand, but the Free Staters came in from the north and drove us back into southern Cork. At Buttevant, as we retreated, we burnt the Police barracks and held Mallow for a short time. In Cork city itself we held our ground well and gained some successes, holding the river and all the approaches to the town. Unluckily for us, the Free State got hold of some transports and landed troops in Queenstown, Youghal, and along the southern coast. We had again to retreat and passed into the mountainous country round Macroom, Ballyvourney, Dunmanway and Kenmare. Here we made a prolonged stand, and were also able to send out small bands with the object of keeping other districts on the alert.

I went up into Mayo and assisted at the capture of Ballina and Claremorris, but it was, I felt convinced, a losing game all the time, as many of our men deserted, and the Free State had in their ranks old regulars who had fought in France and elsewhere and were trained troops, while our men were undisciplined youngsters. Our leaders also were being captured, and our American gunmen were getting sick of the job, as no money was forthcoming since the Free State had captured our funds in America. I was determined to obey orders as long as I could, and again went south. We had a bit of fun trying to break the Atlantic cable at Valentia, Childers in command. We were just too late to effect real damage, but cut one cable.

One of our greatest difficulties now arose. The country people who during the Black-and-Tan war had sided with the Irish soldiers now turned on us, as we had to loot to live at all, and they undoubtedly gave information to the Free Staters. The priests also, in nearly all cases, used their influence against us, so that we were up against continued and increasing odds. By the end of September 1922 our forces were much diminished, and a sort of guerilla warfare was inaugurated. Scattered bands were everywhere, to do all the harm they could, and we spent most of our time in the hills, descending on the villages and towns for food, clothing, etc. We had plenty of ammunition, bombs and explosives, so that we made ourselves very obnoxious. I felt, however, the game was nearly up, and began to think of setting off for Chicago. The Kerry mountains were now our camping ground. Luckily, the weather was fairly fine, and we lived a good deal on fish which we caught, and game which we shot, as there were many sporting guns in our equipment.

One day, while on scout duty near Killarney, I saw a well-known figure coming up the road. It was Mary. She had cycled from Dublin, where she had become suspect to the Free Staters, and, knowing our whereabouts, had come to join us. It was a great moment for both of us; I clasped her in my arms, and our lips met in a clinging kiss. I knew now she loved me and that our lives—if once we could get safely out of Ireland—would be spent together. We went up to our camp, and she arranged to live with the wife of one of our leaders until such time as we could get married. From that time on we were continually harried by the Free Staters, and life was very irksome, but we swore to stick it out as long as we could.

We were now settled near Dunmanway in the fastnesses, near

a good-sized house belonging to Lady B. It made good quarters for the women while we camped in the hills. As ill luck would have it, the Free Staters got wind of our position, and a big drive was organised and well carried out. Four different companies worked up to our hills, one from Bandon, one from Skibbereen and the sea, and two from the north-west. We made a good fight of it, holding the hills and woods and lakes round the house and accounting for a good many of the enemy. But they were in large numbers and well led, and after a time we were driven up to the house, which commanded a good view of the field of fire. We fought on for two days until both food and ammunition began to give out. A council of war was held, and the leaders decided to surrender, but every man was given the option of doing as he liked. I consulted Mary, and we made up our minds to escape if we could, rather than get shut up in some jail for months. I knew every inch of the hills; we agreed that I was to try to get through the cordon at night and she was to join me near Gougane Barra later on.

I started from our camp three hours before dawn and worked my way past our sentries. Then came the difficulties. The Free Staters were well posted; many of them had served in the Great War and were up to the game, but I got into the bed of a mountain river and crawled slowly up it, trusting to the noise of the water to deaden the sound of my movements; then I got to the main ridge and crawled through the heather and holly over the top. One man posted on the skyline showed me the run of their outposts, and I crawled past him. He must have been asleep or drowsy, as he never moved, though I was fairly close to him. Crawling down the other side was easier work, as the whole face of the mountain was covered with scrub oak, holly and heather, and at last I reached a borheen or lane leading to one of the main roads.

I doffed my clothes, buried my rifle, revolver and ammunition, and put on the dress of an old beggar-man which I had brought; it was smelly, but an excellent disguise. I had allowed my hair and beard to grow for the last fortnight, and I now dirtied and stained my face and hands with the bog water. An old stick and beggar's bag for potatoes completed my transformation. I met many patrols on the road, but I feigned deafness and stupidity, and kept up a halting gait as if lame of one leg. I asked my way of people at their cottages, begging a cold potato, a bit of bread, or sup of tea.

By slow degrees I walked to Gougane Barra. Sitting by the

side of the road was an old beggar-woman, as slovenly and dirty as myself.—Mary ! No one was about ; we walked to the back of the ditch bordering the road, and a loving embrace made us known to each other ; her lips clung to mine, and we thought no more of the dirt and squalor—we were together, and, so far, free from our pursuers. She had had exciting adventures, but had got through safely.

We then started on our long journey to the north, begging our way from house to house, and always keeping up our beggars' semblance. We were often stopped by Free Staters and examined, but our acting was very real and successful. It took us over three weeks to reach the boundary line of the Six Counties. The special constables were not more intelligent than the Free Staters, and we passed successfully into Tyrone. From our past experiences in this district we knew of a safe farmer's house, where we were heartily welcomed once they knew who we were. We shifted our rags, bought decent clothing (we carried a fair sum in belts round our waists), and started off by rail for Belfast. Here I soon got employment in one of the many factories ; Mary lodged near me, and we decided to get married as soon as possible. A kind old priest having heard our story, and having absolved me for my past crimes, married us quietly, and we took up our abode in some lodgings kept by one of our many friends in Belfast.

It was a heavenly time ; Mary loved me as devotedly as I loved her, and we were at peace ; law and order prevailed in the north, and I knew that sooner or later I would get home to Chicago.

For months we remained quietly in the north, and I worked hard and saved money. One day, walking back from the factory where I worked, I passed a man who looked hard at me ; he stopped as I passed on, and then followed me up, hissing in my ear ' Spy ! Traitor ! '

I knew at once who he was—a bad lot, a gunman of the West and a member of the I.R.B. What he was doing in Belfast I did not know, but could guess ; some dirty work—a murder or two, perhaps. Courage was my strong point and my nerves were good. I turned on him, making the I.R.B. sign.

' Make your words good,' I said. ' I am still a member of the Brotherhood, and am returning to Chicago by orders of the Council as soon as I have made money enough.'

He was rather nonplussed, and said ' I thought you had backed out and were playing up to the specials.'

'I know no specials,' I replied. 'I am a working mechanic, and am, as I have told you, only waiting to go back to Chicago and report. I have spent nearly four years in this country, carried out my orders, and done my duty. Ask the committee in Dublin, if you like. But I will not allow any brother to accuse me of treachery. What are *you* doing here? Where are your orders? Show me them if you can.'

He was very flabbergasted, and said he meant no harm; his orders were confidential, and he was there on business.

'Well,' I said, 'you do your work and I will do mine.'

We parted, but I knew I was a marked man from that day onwards. I found myself often shadowed, and twice a shot was fired at me from some hidden position. Mary and I discussed the situation, and it was decided that she was to go to Dublin, where she had much influence with our leaders, and plead my case. I had done my work as ordered, and I had a right, according to our rules, to a rest and to live my own life again. Money was scarce in the I.R.B. coffers, and no more serious work was in contemplation, as most of the irregulars had been rounded up.

Mary was most successful. Permission to return to Chicago was given, and a satisfactory report was to go to the head body of the Brotherhood in that city. We decided to start as soon as possible. Another attempt had been made upon me, a bomb being hurled from a housetop as I was passing along the street. Luckily for me, I had just stepped back into a doorway to avoid the mud from a passing motor; the unlucky car was badly smashed and the two men in it wounded, while a little girl playing near got a piece of iron in her leg—providentially only a superficial wound. This last attack was enough for us, and we sailed for England next day.

We went to Liverpool where I had several friends who gave us shelter and safety, as they were all members of the I.R.B. I never came to any definite conclusion as to why I was attacked in Belfast, but think it must have been a personal vendetta; my enemy may have been a friend or relation of the two gunmen who were killed when Colonel H. was attacked. Anyhow, it was quite time to clear out, for in Ireland murdered men were so common there would have been very little fuss over my disappearance, and Mary could have given no information without endangering her own safety.

As the big liner left the docks at Liverpool, we stood by the rail and both, instinctively and with one accord, thanked God we had seen the last of poor blood-stained Ireland, and also of that England

that had been for so many centuries the foolish, harmful conqueror and partner of that unhappy, restless land.

On reaching Chicago, I attended an early meeting of our head council, reported myself, and read the satisfactory memo. that had been sent from Dublin as to my action in Ireland. The boss—as the head of the I.R.B. was generally called—asked if I applied for rest.

‘Yes—five years,’ I replied.

‘The request is granted,’ he said. ‘If at the end of five years we need your services we shall call upon you.’

‘I am here to be found,’ I answered, ‘as Chicago is my home.’

We settled down, and by dint of hard work and with Mary’s assistance I built up a good business. We pray every night that when the five years are up Ireland will have settled down, that the I.R.B. will have ceased to exist, and that the American-Irish will no longer take any interest in her welfare or that of her citizens.

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE third series of Literary Acrostics begins with No. 9, printed below, and will run for four months. Prizes to the value of at least £3 will be awarded to the most successful solvers. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 9.

(The First of the Series.)

'Ere we part,

Give, oh give me back my heart!

Or, since that has left my breast.

Keep it now, and take the rest!

1. 'Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world!'
2. 'The lily maid of ——
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.'
3. 'Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
In science win one —— of heavenly ground.'
4. 'To err is human, to forgive, ——.'
5. 'His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.'
6. 'But things like that, you know, must be
After a —— victory.'

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed above 'Book Notes' on a later page.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the

back. It is unnecessary to copy the quotations or to send references; solvers who do so must not write them on the same paper as their answers.

5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.

6. Answers to Acrostic No. 9 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London. W. 1, and must arrive not later than November 20.

PROEM: Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, v. 1;

The Winter's Tale, iv. 4.

LIGHTS:

1. Tennyson: *The Talking Oak*.
2. Stevenson, *Weir of Hermiston*, ch. 2.
3. Boswell, *Life of Johnson*. [*His Schooldays*.]
4. Thackeray, *Esmond*, Book 2, ch. 8.
5. G. Eliot, *Romola*, ch. 39.
6. M. Arnold, *Tristram and Iseult*, 1
7. Scott, *Rob Roy*, ch. 22.

ANSWER TO No. 8.

1. O	xli	P
2. P	leasur	E
3. H	unte	R
4. E	smom	D
5. L	uig	I
6. I	seul	T
7. A	lmanz	A

Acrostic No. 7, 'Ancient Mariner': Although every light was correctly answered by several solvers, only one competitor sent an entirely correct answer; five solvers missed one light, twelve solvers missed two, and eighty-eight missed more than two. Three solvers sent answers without coupons, one sent a coupon without an answer, and six others violated Rule 4. The chief stumbling-block was the Clough quotation—it was intended to be so; but the Dickens light claimed a very great number of victims, too.

The monthly prize of books is taken by 'Ubique,' Major Luard, 14 Woodlane, Falmouth, and so the 'possible, but improbable, event' of the August CORNHILL becomes the reality of the November number.

At the beginning of a new series, the Acrostic Editor ventures to impress on solvers the necessity of reading and keeping the six rules printed above. They are binding alike on solvers and himself. He will also be grateful if they will write on half-sheets of note-paper, avoid flimsy paper, and not use any form of paper-fastener, adhesive or other. Coupons need not be attached.

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